Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS LITERATURE NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

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S. L. BOARDMAN, Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

A Gleam of Light.

From the very nature of the case, agriculture must be to a great degree, a business of some uncertainty and of much anxiety—indeed of what business is this not true? But while there are blighting frosts, and scorching drouths, and washing floods, and destructive tornadoes; there is, after all, more reliability to the pursuit of agriculture than to any other business whatever. If in some years we have short crops, in others we are favored with an abundance; if we occasionally have our crops cut off by drouth or eaten by grasshoppers, we more frequently have uniformly good returns. It would be strange—men by a law of nature so readily come into physiological correspondence with the climate and soil where they live—if these things did not exert much influence upon mankind; and hence it is, that our farmers become so restless, unsettled and dissatisfied with their condition. Perhaps just now, after the severe experiences of the past two years, we see this manifested more markedly than has commonly been the case. But is there real cause for this feeling among our people? We believe not. We feel sure the compensations which nature has in store for every energetic, strong-hearted, industrious man, are more than sufficient to balance the disasters of the past. These hard times are but temporary. They will give place to brighter and better—and the man who keeps right on, taking things as they come, and making the best use of them, is sure to win. "Seed time and harvest shall not fail."

We feel, at the opening of another season that there is need of all the encouragement possible to stimulate our farmers to work courageously and in earnest. We must not brood over our disappointments. There is in the very promise—Divine in its origin, and sure of fulfilment—just quoted, a bright gleam of hope. And should not the farmers of Maine have courage, and faith, and hope for the future—if not for themselves, at least for their children? Are not our homes, and farms, our earthly possessions, and rich associations worth much? And what better course than to stick to the old farm, and to the dear old State? If you go South, do you not take up with worn out lands and uncongenial neighbors? And at the West are there not great floods, and tornadoes, and fever and ague? And is it not a wiser course to bear the burdens that we have, than "rush to others that we know not of?"

Look at the advancement and astonishing growth of our country. Its annual increase in population has been nearly three times as much that of Prussia, including her gains from the as partition of Poland; four times as much as that of Russia; six times that of Great Britain; nine times that of Austria and ten times that of France. It is estimated that there will be at the beginning of the next century about ninety millions in population in this country, including nine millions colored. And what means this vast growth? It means more manufactories, more railroads, and more densely populated communities. And these in turn must be fed to the benefit of the producer.

Again, improvement is the order of the day to a much greater degree than ever before. Improved houses, improved means of conveyance and improved mechanism for producing and gathering the fruits of the earth. The tastes are also being cultivated, and with improved modes of cooking, there is a demand for the best food. The best beef, and pork, and mutton, and vegetables, and fruits are always in demand. They are sold quick and at paying prices; consequently the farmer, to keep up with the times, must be wide awake and raise the very best. It will not do to be slipshod, or careless, or improvident, or parsimonious in these times. He who would hit the mark must aim high. Study then to learn the ways of nature; study to acquire a knowledge of the character of your soil; study to adapt required manures for particular localities, and study to make every dollar expended on the farm, bring back its equivalent and a good percentage. Then we shall begin to live; our lands will be clean and dry, our crops will be remunerative, our homes will be improved, our hearts will be made warm and happy, and our State receive increased prosperity.

Barry's Fruit Garden.

THE FRUIT GARDEN. By P. Barry. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 1872. 12 mo. pp. 491. Price $1.50

The first edition of this work was published nearly twenty years ago, and was at that time an authority upon the matters of which it treated. To bring it up to the present date, the book has been thoroughly revised and rewritten, special attention having been given to the lists of varieties of fruits, which throughout the book are made to conform to recent experience. The four principal divisions of the work are devoted to General Principles, Nursery Management, Laying out and Managing Orchards and Fruit Gardens, and Descriptive Lists of Select Fruits. Mr. Barry has had more than thirty years' experience in connection with one of the largest nurseries in the country, and as this book embodies this experience it will be of special value to those young in the business. There are nearly two hundred illustrations in the volume, and few books on agricultural matters go out to the public with the authority which this one carries with it.

Wallace's Trotting Register.

Mr. J. H. Wallace of Muscatine, Iowa, the compiler of the Stud Book and American Trotting Register, has issued his prospectus for the second volume of the latter work, which is to continue the record of pedigrees and performances which the first volume brought down to the close of 1870. As an introduction to the work, the essays of Mr. Wallace upon "How Shall we Breed the Trotting Horse?" which have lately been publishing in *Wilkes' Spirit*, will be written and extended for this purpose. The circular to which we have alluded gives some information to correspondents in regard to stating a pedigree in proper order, has some sensible suggestions on nomenclature, and announces that the work on "Messenger and His Descendants," which for some years Mr. Wallace has been engaged in compiling, is being rapidly carried forward to completion. Parties interested in trotting stock should obtain a copy of this circular, and aid the compiler in rendering his forthcoming volume as complete and perfect as possible—for upon this will depend its value and usefulness.

State Fair in Bangor.

We briefly announced in our last issue that the Trustees of the Maine State Agricultural Society had decided to locate the State Fair for the years 1872 and 1873 in the city of Bangor. This announcement was made nearly a month earlier in the season, than in the years when the fairs were held in Portland and Augusta, and the work of the Trustees has been entered upon with great vigor and unanimity. The city authorities and citizens of the "Queen City of the East," have by appropriation, private subscription and guaranty, placed a sum in the hands of the Trustees, so ample as to insure the success of the exhibition in advance; and with favorable weather the results cannot fail to be satisfactory. The time decided upon for the holding of the Fair the present year is Sept. 17th to 20th inclusive.

In the old days of the Society, when the genial Doctor was its guiding spirit, and when he rallied to its support the leading agriculturists of the State, and before the disastrous effects of the never to be forgotten rebellion—the State Society held a fair in Bangor. This was in the year 1857, and was the third exhibition of the Society. It proved successful in every respect, being self sustaining besides adding a handsome sum to its reserved fund. The guarantee pledged by the citizens to cover any loss, was of course not needed. At this exhibition, the show of horses was said to be superior to any the Society had then called together. That was fifteen years ago; and since then what vast changes have taken place in our State—in the general intelligence of its citizens, in its industrial progress, in its means of transportation, in the settlement of large portions of its territory then almost an unbroken forest. If Bangor was then thought a favorable point for a State Fair—and its success proved that it was—how much more is it so to-day? Its local population is nearly twenty thousand, and it is the centre of business for the eastern portion of our great State. Since the period when the exhibition of the State Society was held there before, Bangor has been placed in railroad communication with other parts of the State so that a much larger number of those interested can avail themselves of its privileges than was possible at that time. The European & North American, the Bangor & Piscataquis, the Dexter & Newport and the Belfast Division of the Maine Central railroads have all been completed since that date, and are now in operation, affording so many avenues to bring distant portions of the State in easy and rapid communication with Bangor, thus securing not only a larger attendance, but an increased interest in the coming exhibition.

The art of agriculture has also made rapid advances during the same period, within the radius of that section likely to be most largely represented at the fair of 1872. Aroostook county has been developed to a wonderful extent, and her sturdy farmers will come down in great numbers to this fair, bringing with them the choicest of their animals and the best of their productions. The breeding of fine horses and neat cattle has also received much attention from some of the leading men of eastern Maine; and the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts—in 1857 a thing unthought of—has been located so near Bangor, that no enterprising farmer or farmer's son should fail to pay it a visit during the week of the exhibition. Indeed we apprehend the simple fact that the State Fair of 1872 and 1873 is to be held in Bangor, will be of great value to this institution in the opportunity it will give farmers from other parts of the State to visit its farm and buildings, thereby giving them a practical acquaintance with its tangible existence. And aside from all this, Bangor offers peculiar advantages as the place for holding the State Fair. It has superior and ample hotel accommodations; it has a population noted for enterprise and public spirit; it is the headquarters of a large County Agricultural Society, a vigorous Horticultural Society, and the only Poultry Society in Maine—all of which will work with the State Society for the success of the Fair, and its means of communication with all points in Maine, by railroad and boat are second only to that of one other place in the State, and in some respects even superior to that. All these are but auxiliaries to the success of the coming fair, and all will be laid under contribution to this end.

As to the preliminary details, we can only say, now, that the out-door exhibition will be held on the Penobscot fair grounds, the City and Norombega Halls having been placed at the disposal of the Trustees for the in-door departments of the exhibition. Various committees of the Trustees have been appointed to arrange excursion tickets with the railroads and boats during the week of the fair, and for carrying out other necessary arrangements; and a meeting to complete this work has been called for May 7th. The premium list will be given to the public immediately after this meeting.

Answers to Inquiries.

Restoring old Grass Fields.

(Farmer, Hancock County.) Unfortunately for the spirit of "pushing things" manifest in all progressive farmers, and especially unfortunate now that so much needs to be done in the direction of which you speak in consequence of the failure of grass seed in the past two years—the restoration of worn out grass fields is not a work that can be done quickly, under ordinary circumstances. Twelve or fourteen years of mowing, without the application of dressing of any kind, will give the productive capacity of any soil a severe test; and of course it will take time to bring such sapped land back to a point of remunerative crops. To have it done in the best manner, perhaps we should first suggest underdraining; then two years in potatoes and corn, the latter heavily manured; then a year in barley, seeded to grass, and after that liberal top dressings with fine compost, every second year. But our correspondent wishes the "quickest, cheapest and best" method of accomplishing the desired result—and so we presume do hundreds of our readers, just now, wish to accomplish the same thing. Our plan in brief then, would be this: Scarify the surface (the bound out sward) with a Nishwitz harrow, going across the fields in opposite directions. Do this as soon as it will answer to put a team on the field. Then give a good seeding with a mixture of the best grasses—timothy, red top, orchard grass and some other sorts. After this roll the surface with a heavy roller. If you can do so, top-dress the last of May with phosphate or guano, and if you cannot, be sure to top-dress immediately after haying with fine old manure or compost. We have faith in this management of old or poorly seeded fields—for a quick, cheap treatment—and recommend it to our querist and all others, in perfect confidence. When the special premiums in Cumberland county are awarded, we shall doubtless have a better plan.

We can say nothing more to the point in answer to our esteemed Bowdoinham correspondent than the above, and beg him to consider it an answer to his enquiry of a week or two since.

Starting a Strawberry Bed.

(Subscriber.) Spring is undoubtedly the best time for planting strawberries. The usual method is to plant in rows three feet apart, with plants a foot apart in the row. Cut off the runners as soon as they appear, and keep the bed clean by frequent hoeings. In the fall mulch with leaves, straw or coarse manure. Watering the newly set plants with liquid manure promotes their growth, and is a plan highly recommended by most gardeners. As to varieties, the following is a good selection: Wilson's Albany, Agriculturist, Triomphe de Gand, Jucunda, Nicanor.

Editorial Notes.

We thank our friend Mr. Fred Atwood of Winterport, for a sample of Tea wheat from Minnesota.

Our obligations are due Mr. A. H. Black of Sidney, for a sample of splendid maple syrup, and some refined maple sugar, both of his own manufacture.

The old favorite among Maine horses, "Gen. Knox," will make the season of 1872 at the stables of Dr. F. B. FitzMaurice, Fordham Park, Westchester, N. Y. He is advertised in the *Turf, Field and Farm* at $150 service.

Mr. F. O. Ward—the obliging miller at Eaton's mill on Bond Brook in this city—has one of the handsomest two-year-old heifers we have ever seen. She is seven-eighths Jersey, and has her first calf by her side—now two weeks old. Her regular feed through the winter has been as follows: In the morning two pounds of hay (weighed), two quarts oat meal and one-half pound of oil cake (linseed) meal; at noon two pounds of hay, and at night the same feed as in the morning. She is large and fat, and has an udder that gives evidence of great milking properties. Mr. Ward esteems a high grade Jersey better for milk than a full blood. The quantity is greater, and the quality hardly below the Jersey standard.

A young acquaintance of ours—who has a fancy for good hens—desires information concerning a disease among his young chickens. Out of a brood of nineteen fine Brahmas, only twelve are left. They seem to lose the use of their legs, and soon die. Their appetites remain good, and they eat well when they can only crawl about on the ground. Have had a warm, dry place; but all seem to go in this manner. As the disease is one with which we are entirely unacquainted, we insert his query, no less to aid his own investigation of the matter, than for our benefit; and hope some of our correspondents will be able to give information about it.

We call attention to the letter of Hon. Seth Scamman, President of the Cumberland county Agricultural Society, concerning the premiums for the improvement of grass lands offered by that Society, which will be found under the head of Agricultural Intelligence. These premiums—which are very liberal and worthy of much competion—have been decided upon as coming within the spirit of the advisory vote of the Board of Agriculture instructing county societies to offer a certain part of the State bounty for permanent farm improvements. And we can conceive of no more important object in the present management or future improvement of our farms that needs the direct stimulation of liberal premiums than that of the "renovating, re-seeding and improving" of grass lands throughout the State. The exhausted and unprofitable condition of our mowing fields through bad management and failure of seed during the past, seems to call for some such general action towards their renovation as the present—and we hope these liberal premiums will bring out information and experience that will be of great value to all our farmers. Now let some other society offer premiums as liberal for the improvement of old pastures, and others still for improvement in other directions, and the agriculture of our State in all its branches will receive an impetus the good effects of which will be visible in all the future.

Another "Front Yard."

Having given, a few weeks since an example of a badly planted lawn, we present herewith one which embodies some features to be adopted. The plan can easily be changed, however, to suit the taste of the person, and it is for its suggestiveness, that we wish to call attention to it. A represents the house, B the stable, C the driveway, and D flower beds cut in the turf. The shrubbery is mainly placed on the edges of the lawn. From the house an unobstructed view of the road is obtained, and the lawn is not disfigured by too many trees and shrubs, or too many flower beds. There is room for a croquet ground, and for other games, while the flower-beds are ample for decorative purposes. The beauty of the lawn consists in its being kept cut close, and the task is now rendered an easy matter by the use of the lawn mower—an almost indispensable accompaniment to a collection of garden tools. This plan will bear close study; its good features should be adopted, and the bad ones rejected.

Early Grasshoppers.

Our agent, Mr. C. S. Ayer, has forwarded us specimens of grasshoppers, twelve hours old, obtained of Master Samuel K. Hitchings, of Waterville. They were produced from eggs found in earth that had been in a flower pot for a year past, having been kept in the house during the winter. Master H., counted twenty-four from eggs deposited in a three quart flower pot, and about the same number from earth taken from the flower garden last fall and kept in the cellar through the winter. They were found April 18th. The specimens are about half an inch in length, and are as lively as can be imagined.

Standard of Excellence in Swine.

The Farmers' Club of the American Institute, New York City, has originated a movement in regard to establishing a standard of characteristics and scale of points applicable to each of the recognized breeds of swine. To perfect this movement a convention of the swine breeders of the United States and Canada has been called at the rooms of the Club, Cooper Union, New York City, on the 14th of May next, at 3 o'clock P. M. Breeders intending to be present should notify Frank D. Curtis, Grand Central Hotel, N. Y., at an early day. The meeting will no doubt be productive of benefit to breeders of this class of farm stock.

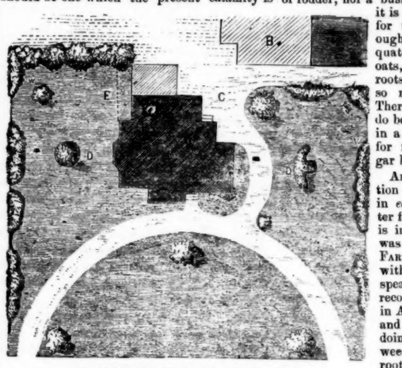
Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Leaves from an old Farmer's Diary.

Shelter Cheaper than Corn.

March 20. The wind is blowing a gale, and the mercury is gradually falling towards the zero point. 'Tis a satisfaction to know, as you draw up to the roaring fire on such a night as this, that the cattle have comfortable quarters, that the pigs have a good nest, and the horse a dry bed. Think of cattle yarded on the open prairie to-night, with nothing but a board fence or a straw stack to break the cutting wind! It takes a hundred bushels of corn in Illinois to carry an animal through the winter, while here with the warm shelter of some of our best barns, that amount of feed will carry the same animal through the entire year. The cost of this exposure where a large herd is kept, will build warm quarters for them every year. We need not, though, spend time soliloquizing over errors in the practice of Illinois farmers. There are cattle in this State, owned by wealthy men—(is negligence the cause of their wealth?) in empty barns with open cracks, suffering this night with the cold, while the merciful man in slippers and wrapper is happy in the consciousness that his cattle are chewing their cuds in comfort. Warm shelter is cheaper than corn even at ninety cents. And if this lesson should be one which the present calamity is



EXAMPLE OF A WELL PLANTED LAWN.

teaching us, then another will be added to the compensations growing out of the seeming evil.

New Plants and Seeds—The Orono Potato.

March 25. Though the snow lies deep upon the upturned soil, still by faith we know that seed time will come, and we, perhaps from the same instinct which bids the birds commence their migratory flight, take up the seedsmen's catalogues, which have already been sent out to us, and select the seeds we wish to purchase for the coming planting. What shall we try? The Norway Oats might as well have been left out of the catalogue. The potato fever, as well as the hen fever and the Merino fever, has subsided; and, like the honey-moon and the measles, we can't have it but once. Here and there a victim may be found in whom a mild type of the disease still lingers, but all danger from any impending epidemic is passed. Much money has been picked up in small parcels by shrewd seedsmen and growers, from farmers who are curious to try every novelty, especially if advertised at a high price. It is true no very large sums have been taken from any one farmer; and it is well for all to experiment in a small way with new kinds of seeds. But what have we gained?—what have we received in compensation for our experiments with the scores of new kinds of potatoes? We have got the Early Rose, a pretty good potato to grow in the garden for early use. It needs a rich soil and high cultivation, grows quick, and when ripe is a passably good table potato. In some other States it stands higher than it ranks here. There are some other kinds which promise something, but are not yet planted very extensively. Out of all the fever, excitement and speculation, there has not appeared a kind to supersede our old favorite, the Orono. This is still, and promises to continue the standard potato of Maine. No kind has yet been found which those growers who make this crop a specialty are willing to plant in its place. Whether the more promising new kinds will yet establish a reputation which will bring them into general favor remains to be proved. Interested disseminators of new kinds—interested in selling at high prices, would doubtless dispute the above premises, but for all that, the fact remains that there are more of the Oronos grown than of any other one kind, if not more than all other kinds together, in this State.

We have learned something of seeding, planting and growing potatoes, which will more than replace all that has been thrown away upon new seed. The fact is when we pay a high price for seed, we cultivate, tend and watch it with a care which breaks up all our old routine practices, and sets us to studying, thinking and improving.

Barn Cellars and Sweet Hay.

April 10. I have to-day finished feeding the hay from the bottom of a bay in my barn. The barn has a tight cellar under it, which in winter is shut tight, and does not freeze. It contains a large quantity of manure, and in it are kept a stock of hogs at work the year round making, out of coarse material furnished them, valuable manure. At times, when absorbents are in short supply, the ammonia arising from the pens is plainly perceptible to the eyes and nose. There is no particular pains taken in cold weather to ventilate the cellar, and yet the hay from the bottom of this bay, lying directly over the hog-pens, came out as sweet and pure as when it was put in there last summer. It was the best of hay, cut early, and when fed to the cattle emitted that fragrant aroma so inviting to the appetite of the cattle. Not the least injury from the fumes of the manure could be detected. Many times before have I fed from the same bay, several times after laying there two years, and every time the condition was as good as now.

I am aware this conflicts with theoretical writers and scientific (?) authorities; for many disputations have I waded through from the pens of those who like to write much better than they like to work, setting forth in language unpronouncable and incomprehensible, the deleterious effects upon the hay and stock of tight cellars filled with manure. 'Tis all bosh! Old fogies who never had a barn cellar and never mean to have one, catch the strain, and herald it among the doubting, till by many, half the value of a cellar is lost because they dare not shut it up for fear of spoiling the hay and killing the stock! Give me a warm barn standing over a warm cellar well filled at this season of the year with rich manure, and I'll take all the chances of the hay being spoiled.

UNCLE TOBIAS.

For the Maine Farmer.

Trimming Apple Trees.

Almost all seasons of the year have been recommended as the best time to trim apple trees. Now my experience teaches me that apple trees, and all other kinds of fruit trees should never be trimmed. I suppose I must explain myself, or else I may be misunderstood. I mean, there should be no good, thrifty, perfect branches taken off; the sprouts should be kept down, all the dead limbs taken off, but no live ones, excepting those that grow across others so as to chafe them. This causes them to decay. I have seen trees spoiled by trimming, just as they were beginning to bear. It decreases the crop, and injures the tree permanently.

If a tree lack roots to support the top, you will know it by the dead limbs that will be found on the tree. Take them off carefully, and let the rest alone; for the tree will surely regulate itself. If you take off the top of a thrifty tree, a corresponding number of roots will surely die, and the tree itself will die in two or three years. J. L. BINFORD.

Chatham, N. H.

For the Maine Farmer.

Seasonable Suggestions.

Raise the Calves.

What better advice can be given to the farmers of Maine just now than this? Is there not an urgent necessity for raising every likely calf? On account of the shortness of last year's hay crop, our neat stock has been greatly diminished, *so much so*, that it will take two or three years to recover that which has been killed or sold out of the State. Moreover prices will be likely to advance, and if they do not, many farms are so situated that considerable stock must be kept in order to consume the hay and other fodder on the place, and thus keep the land in healthy condition. Therefore, I say, raise the calves; don't kill them yourselves; don't sacrifice them to the butcher, but if you must dispense with any let it be those not worth raising.

Corn Fodder and Roots.

Why can't we learn a little lesson of wisdom from last year's experience? Oh, how many of us have regretted over and over again that we did not put in largely of both. Had we only done so, how many dollars we should have saved in meal and shorts. Our pockets were touched so deeply that our heads ought to be wiser. Meal and shorts are excellent in their places, and a little money judiciously invested in these is not wasted, but when we come to pay out from two to four dollars in clean cash for them, because we have not a bundle of fodder, nor a bushel of roots, then I think it is paying a little too much for the whistle. Our farms ought to produce a nearly adequate supply in hay, clover, oats, millet, corn fodder and roots, without the addition of so much foreign material. Therefore, I think we cannot do better this year than to put in a generous supply of corn for fodder, rutabagas and sugar beets.

And let it be the determination of every one to put them in *early*—the earlier the better for beets, provided the land is in order. Not long since I was in the office of the MAINE FARMER, and, in conversation with one of the publishers, speaking of sugar beets, he recommended sowing the seed in April, if the land was dry and pliable, for, said he, by so doing you get the start of the weeds, and further more the roots of the young plants reach downdeep, and acquire a strong hold upon the soil, before the dry weather of June and July, thereby passing safely through the same, and are thus enabled to attain to a large growth. That looks reasonable, and is at least, worth trying. Corn for fodder should also be sown early in June. It will be needed in August and September when the pastures fail. Sow in drills, quite thick. If for curing and winter use sow thinner in the drill, or, which is better, in hills eighteen to twenty inches apart. By this method the corn attains a larger growth, contains more saccharine matter, and is of far greater value. Sweet corn is to be preferred. At any rate, try some. The experience of a young farmer, a Winthrop man, was this. He fed one week on southern corn fodder, cured, to his cows. The increase in milk was two quarts to each cow. He then changed to sweet corn fodder and fed one week. The increase was double, or two quarts more to each cow. Of course the great increase the second week was not wholly due to the change, but it shows conclusively its comparatively greater value. W. P. A.

Hallowell.

For the Maine Farmer.

Jerseys for Farmers.

The Jerseys are at present, one of the most popular of the few really useful breeds of cattle. They have struggled up to their present position from comparative obscurity and against the strongest opposition. Where they are well known they are fully appreciated, but the majority of farmers have yet to learn their merits.

That they are a breed of cattle not adapted, at present, to general farm use is evident enough to those knowing them. They would not be profitable to raise steers from or to fatten for beef, though it is said fair grade oxen have been raised, and it is an established fact that the cows, when dried off, make excellent beef. They have been bred for butter to the exclusion of everything else, consequently they excel in that, and fail in other points. Now if they should ever be bred for the purpose of making beef or working oxen, they would just as surely fail in their milking qualities as the Short Horns have under a similar system of breeding.

The Jerseys are excelled by no breed of cows in the quantity and richness of their cream and butter. They will produce young calves richer than any other breed, and give a longer flow of milk, many of them not drying up at all. This fact would obviate the necessity of keeping one cow farrow through the winter, as is very often done on the farm. In disposition no animal could possibly be more gentle and none are more peaceable in pasture, almost anything in the shape of a fence restraining them.

A Jersey or two among the cows of a butter maker, would greatly improve the color and quality of the butter, and the mixture of Jersey milk with that of other cows, would certainly improve the quality of cheese, for the richer the milk in butter the richer the cheese made from it. Whatever may be the speciality of the farmer the Jersey cow, if she is not now, will in time become a necessity. Very frequently we find breeders of other breeds of cattle keeping one or two Jersey cows for their own use. We want no better argument than this.

From the Short Horn point of view they are not massive in size nor are they square built and plump. But to the eye of the lover of golden butter and the richest of cream they are a thing of beauty and almost priceless in value. A. M. Z.

For the Maine Farmer.

New Rules of the American Jersey Cattle Club.

The above named association which now numbers about one hundred of the best and most reliable breeders in the country, have, after an experience of three years with the pedigrees of Jersey cattle, adopted the following rules for the admission of pedigrees into the "Herd Register."

1. All animals imported from the Island of Jersey up to the date of the last meeting of the Club (Jan. 24th, 1871) are eligible for entry.

2. No animals imported after the above date will be admitted to entry, unless they, or their sires and dams, are already entered in the Herd Book of the Royal Jersey Agricultural Society.

3. No animals imported after the above date *by a dealer* will, under any circumstances, be admitted to entry, whether reputed to be pedigree stock or not.

4. Until the end of the year 1872, the Executive Committee of the association will be allowed to admit to entry animals bred in this country whose *record* may not be entirely complete, but which there is every reason to believe pure. Such entries must be accompanied by an explanatory note, stating the precise character of the defect in the record.

This emphatic action of the Club will commend itself to all who desire the real improvement of the breed, and who know the character of much of the trash with which *dealers* have flooded the country during the past two or three years.

The second rule is especially important. The demand for Jerseys has been so great that there was danger that, under the high prices now ruling, all the inferior animals on the Island of Jersey, would find their way to this country. The entry in the Herd Book of the Royal Jersey Agricultural Society being based upon a careful examination of each animal by a competent board of inspectors, if only such as have passed this examination, are taken there will be a fine chance of improving our stock instead of debasing it.

The third rule bears rather harshly on those who have made a lucrative business of the importation of Jerseys, but it was decided, after a full discussion, that the interests of the breed could in no way be faithfully guarded save by absolute prohibition. It is for the Executive Committee to decide whether any individual importer is to be considered a *dealer*.

The fourth rule, too, is of especial interest to quite a large number of owners of Jersey stock, in this State, as well as elsewhere, it being well known that many excellent animals bred here, and possessing the characteristcis of thoroughbred Jerseys, have, to say the least, a very incomplete record. It will be seen that there is a way open, until the close of the present year, for the owners of this class of stock to have their pedigrees recorded, and it is to be hoped that they will not be slow to avail themselves of an opportunity so obviously to their advantage.

Applications for entry should be made to Col. Geo. E. Waring, Jr., of Ogden Farm, Newport, R. I., who is the Secretary of the Club and the editor of its "Herd Register," who will furnish the requisite information to those wishing for registration. X. Y. Z.

Waterville.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Apple—No. 3.

Culture.

I used to believe that the apples of Maine were superior in flavor, if not in size, and form to the apples of the West. But a short residence in the far West has taken that conceit out of me in this respect. It is a little mortifying to a native and lover of Maine, to see in the stalls of the dealers upon the frontier, from July to summer again, apples far, very far superior to our own, in size, form, beauty and flavor. These apples are grown in Missouri and Kansas. They are nearly all the varieties known to the pomologists of the country—some of them of varieties grown by ourselves. They are distinguished for good and nearly uniform size. They are fair and smooth, and free from blemishes. The skin is brilliant and beautiful, and often aromatic. The flesh is crisp, tender and juicy, and generally of high flavor. Kansas took the medal for the best collection of apples at the National Fair in 1869, at Philadelphia again in 1871. She also took the prize at the New England Fair in 1871. Also at the State Fair of Missouri the same year. But Missouri had a short time before taken the prize of the Kansas State Fair, for the best collection of apples. Kansas pomologists assert that this defeat arose from negligence in collecting samples.

It may be true that this great excellence arises in great part from a warmer and more genial atmosphere during the growing season; and perhaps in part from a longer duration of the season, as the trees blossom a month earlier there than here, and the apple harvest occurs about the same time as here. But a knowledge of the soils of those regions leads to the conclusion that the superiority arises largely from the quality of soil, in which the trees grow.

Now what is the truth as to the great mass of apples grown here? Can we afford to be candid and frank with ourselves? Or is it advisable that we conceal the truth and cherish a delusion? The truth is, a large majority of the apples sold in our markets are simply disagreeable. In twenty-five years I have never been able to find, as needed from year to year, ten barrels in all of truly merchantable apples. The Baldwins, one of the three leading kinds sold here, usually come in the proportion of two-fifths of merchantable, and three-fifths refuse apples. The other two kinds are frequently, perhaps usually somewhat better; and yet about half of any package are very far from a fair standard merchantable apple. And those, which rise to that degree, are mostly much below the rank of apples of first quality. And these apples come from some of the most celebrated fruit regions of the State.

Now I suppose I have made many farmers angry. But "am I your enemy because I tell you the truth." And the truth ought to be received the more willingly, because the evil is not without remedy—a remedy, practicable, easy and profitable.

Again how stands the case as tried by the amount of the product of our apple orchards? Information to be gathered from the Survey of the Agriculture of Kennebec, shows that this is much less than an average of one barrel to a tree. We cannot possibly believe this to be a worthy result. It is beggarly. I avow my belief that by proper management, the product may and should be increased several fold. Cole tells us, page 28, that he saw one hundred bushels of the Harrison apple on one tree in Orange, N. J.; that the original Hurlbut tree produced forty bushels one year, and twenty the next; that the original Bars tree yielded 60 bushels in one year; and that a tree was grafted to the Porter when 75 years old, and the seventh year after wards bore fifteen barrels of apples—about thirty-five bushels. When a boy, I was acquainted with two trees, which in favorable years used to yield each forty bushels of apples. They were trees planted and owned by Mr. Benjamin Alden of Greene, before mentioned in this series. They were then aged trees. One of them stood in the grass near the edge of a rich garden; the other in the grass within the fence by the roadside near the blacksmith's shop. W. G.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Cumberland County—Important Premiums.

The executive officers of the Cumberland County Agricultural Society at their meeting, March, 26th, to determine the time and place of holding the annual show and fair, and regulate the list of premiums, voted to award the sum of two hundred and twenty-five dollars, to be paid in the autumn of 1864 as follows: $100 for the best conducted experiment in renovating, reseeding and improving grass lands in this county; $75 for the second, and $50 for the third, under certain regulations, and restrictions, which will be embodied in a circular, and distributed throughout the county; a copy of which will also be forwarded you for publication. The object the officers had in confining this premium to the improvement of the grass crop, was simply, that at this time and for a series of years it is to be the most important crop of the farm. But since the short crops of two years past, the discouraging condition of our grass lands, and the consequent diminution of stock, it becomes a matter of fourfold importance to see what can be done to increase the crop of hay, so as to keep the amount of stock necessary for successful farming, and supply the demands of the market. The amount awarded exceeds somewhat the sum directed by the Board of Agriculture, but as our society is in funds, it was considered we could do no better with it. Hay must be scarce and high for a few years, any way, if farmers keep up their stock as it should be. Some impetus in this direction will result in great good. The prospect of $100, $75, or $50 even, it would seem, would excite an interest that would lead to great efforts to secure them. And, as Secretary Goodale suggests in his communication of last week, if the premium is not secured, every one, will be amply paid in the improvement of his own fields, and the nice mows of hay in his barn. Let every farmer give the subject the consideration its importance demands, and the results, I doubt not, will be satisfactory in the highest degree.

SETH SCAMMAN, *Pres. Cumberland Co. Ag'l So.*

Scarboro.

Franklin County Agricultural Society.

President, Hon. Horace B. Prescott, New Sharon; Secretary, Peter P. Tufts, Farmington; Treasurer, Ed. J. Merrill, Farmington; Trustees, J. C. Wheeler, Chesterville, D. Miller, Wilton, H. Russ, Farmington, J. O. Keyes, Jay, D. E. Currier, Farmington. The Society is in a prosperous condition, being free from debt. A liberal premium list has been offered for the show and fair, which will be held on the first Tuesday and Wednesday in Oct. next. W.

Disease in Sheep—Query.

I have a sheep that is in good condition, hearty and looks bright, but she has lost the use of her limbs and cannot stand. She was taken lame in one leg and then the lameness went through all her legs until she could not stand. CONSTANT READER.

Topsham.

Woman's Department.

From our Correspondents.

What "Betsey" says on Woman's Rights.

Will the granting of the right of suffrage to woman be a benefit to her? Most certainly it would. Are not equal rights and privileges a benefit and blessing to those who have and now enjoy them? Why should not women be regarded as citizens in a free republic? and if so, why not take an interest in political matters, and also in the laws that govern and control them? I contend that the time now is, when woman should no longer talk about safely entrusting all her interests in the hands of men; but that she is of age, and capable of acting and speaking for herself.

Without entering at this time into the discussion of the main question at issue, I have a few strictures to make on the general subject of woman's position.

In the first place, I wish to say to the opponents of female suffrage, that they make a great mistake when they stigmatize all women engaged in its advocacy, as nervous, sensational, weak-minded, &c. On the contrary, I am proud to say that there are many noble women engaged in this work—women in no respect lacking in the highest graces of womanhood, whatever may be the eccentricities of a few. They may be mistaken, they may err in some points, but I contend they are entitled a hearing, and it ill becomes any man who pretends so much admiration for woman to ignore her presence the moment she steps into the arena of debate, and condescends to discuss a question of importance not to herself alone, but to thousands yet to come. A question that will be the means of correcting the wrongs under which women have so long, and at present labor, and secure to them a larger field for intellectual and moral development.

Does "Jemima" think all the rights a woman needs is to be forever dependent for support and protection on man's caprice or pleasure? This, in my view, is really degrading to her, making her a mere adjunct, created merely for his pleasure. Is it all the rights woman need or require, to go month after month and year after year, to the shops, the stores, the schoolroom and other departments of labor, performing the same kind of business as men, and receiving only one-third part as much pay? My soul almost sinks within me when I think how long these enormities have been allowed to go on unrebuked! Nor have we any hope for anything better, only in the granting of female suffrage. Wake up, mothers, at once to your high duty and privilege; train not only the sons but daughters to guide and govern this ark of our republic aright, and I believe the world's salvation, in addition to the unspeakable happiness of our children, yes and our children's children to the latest generation will be our, and their blessed reward. BETSEY.

Mr. Salvey's Experiences in Sickness.

A PROPHECY UNFULFILLED.

I am going to write a piece for the paper, and if it will not be asking too much I would like to have it inserted in the Woman's Department, as that is the most important part of the paper (?). I think the ladies have been a little too hard on Edward. Now my name is not Edward; but when "Floy" said that Edward was not the only one of the masculine gender who had prophesied an utter failure of the Woman's Department, I knew she meant me; for I said to my wife I thought it would be a failure, because—Firstly, it would get to be an old story by and by; and secondly, it would not take them long to tell all they know about cooking. I suppose I ought to apologize to the ladies for saying so, and I suppose they will think me ungentlemanly if I do not do so; but I think if they knew what a scolding my wife gave me for making what she termed "that ungentlemanly speech," they would, out of sheer pity, forgive me. My wife used to, woman like, as soon as she got the paper, turn to the marriages and deaths; but now she turns to the Woman's Department the minute she gets the paper. When she found "Floy's" piece she asked me if I was not ashamed to have the ladies know I had prophesied so falsely. I told her no; but at the same time I wish she would not acknowledge it. I have been very sick since, and I am not sure but it was of mortification; but I should not care to have her know I thought so.

A SOCIAL REMEDY COMMENDED.

I want Mr. Waxey to know that his suggestions have benefitted one poor sufferer. While I was sick every old lady within two miles of my house visited me. They heard Mr. Salvey was very sick and "thought they would take their knitting work and come and see me, for I must feel very lonely confined to the house so long." Of course they all had to recommend their favorite "arbs." Such doses! One said I was threatened with fever, and recommended a rum sweat and boneset; but you I always did detest boneset, it is not at all sweet. Another thought if I could be rolled up in a cold, wet sheet, with ice water on my head, I should be out in a day or two. Guess I should—out in the grave yard. The idea of a cold, wet sheet in cold weather, when a man was freezing too, as I was. For a while I bore it like a martyr; but one day I looked out of the window and who should I see coming but

MISS TABITHA STACKPOLE.

Well, I am not sure whether I wished myself or her in heaven; it don't matter much which, as long as we know it to be a good place. Tabitha has one gift and knows how to use it—that is the gift of gab. I was not a little nervous, and the thought of listening to her gossip for a day or two was too much for me. Mr. Waxey's remedy for such cases occurred to me, and I thought I would try it. Aunt Tabitha was unusually talkative. She had her knitting, and the way her needles and tongue kept time was hardly the thing for weak nerves. I endured it as long as I could. The fire in my room seemed to be going out, and there was no wood in to replenish it. My wife was out attending to her domestic affairs, so I asked Aunt Tabitha if she would please to fill the wood-box. She wood was in a shed, and she had to go out doors after it—rather a cold operation for such a cold day. She brought in a few sticks and put on the fire, and then resumed her knitting. After a while she spoke of stopping all night if it would be agreeable. I told her I would be most happy to have her do so, for I wanted some one to milk my cow, for my wife had a bad cold and ought not to go out. I told her I knew she would be pleased to assist us in any way that she could, so I should not hesitate to ask her. I told her I thought my wife would be pleased to have her sit up and take care of me. I needed some one to keep the fire and administer my medicine. I tell you it

WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

She thought of an engagement she had for that very afternoon, but had forgotten it entirely till that moment. She was off in no time. I take great pleasure in recommending Mr. Waxey's remedy, for I have proved it, and know it to be infallible. I made up my mind then that

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, April 27, 1872.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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☞A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. V. Darling is now canvassing and collecting in Penobscot County.

Mr. C. S. Ayer is now canvassing the towns in West Kennebec.

The Geneva Arbitration.

Matters before the Geneva Board of Arbitration seem to be at a stand-still just now, and grave fears are entertained by some that no settlement of our differences with England will be effected under any existing arrangements. Our readers well understand the manner in which this Board was appointed and the purposes for which they have met. At their first meeting in Geneva, several weeks ago, the American case, as it is called, was presented to them by commissioners appointed on the part of this government. The American case embraces two classes of claims, one for direct losses, and the other indirect or consequential damages. The first class embraces only losses by the destruction of American shipping by the Anglo-Confederate privateers. The second class is divided into three sub-classes, as follows: first, losses in the transfer of American shipping to the British flag; second, losses from enhanced insurance, and third, losses from the prolongation of the war.

The English government contends that only claims for direct losses comes within the scope of the Geneva Arbitration, and, while presenting their counter case, they confine themselves to this class of claims, and, at the same time have sent a note to the government at Washington protesting against all that part of the American case which relates to indirect damages. Our government has replied to the English protest, and the Geneva Board has adjourned, and will probably do nothing fa. ther until it shall be definitely settled whether or not the claims for indirect damages shall remain in the case. There is a note which accompanies the English counter case, in which the Arbitrators are notified that it is presented without prejudice to the position assumed by Her Majesty's Government, and under express reservation of all the rights &c., which means, simply, the right to withdraw the case from the Arbitration unless the claims for indirect losses are withdrawn. There is really an implied threat in Lord Tenterden's note to do this, and in the English attitude, some of our cotemporaries see, or think they see a little war cloud, which is liable to burst upon us at no distant day. We do not regard the situation as by any means so grave as this, though war is certainly not among the impossibilities.

We believe that negotiation, though the day of settlement may be far distant, will in the end adjust our difficulties to the satisfaction of both nations.

Without attempting to discuss the merits of these consequential damages, or the propriety of putting them into the American case, we cannot see what great harm they can do. If they are not legitimate claims, or do not come within the scope or province of the Arbitration to decide, the Board has only to throw them out, and the government at Washington is bound to abide such a result. If they are just, and are properly in the case, then they should be allowed and England should pay them and be satisfied. It seems to us that in this way the spirit of the treaty would be carried out, which we always understood to be, to leave the whole subject to the decision of the Geneva Board of Arbitration. Should the government at Washington be unyielding, there is little doubt that the English government will withdraw. Public opinion in England is evidently nearly unanimous on this point. Then comes up the question, should England withdraw her case can the Board legally proceed without it? Hon. Caleb Cushing expresses the opinion that neither party has a right to withdraw without the consent of the other, and should either party withdraw the Board can properly proceed without it. The same opinion has been expressed by the editor of the New York *Tribune*, and by other gentlemen of distinguished ability. Suppose England withdraws and the case is tried *ex parte*, and England adjudged guilty, and doomed to make good the damages awarded, will England pay or fight? Should the case proceed in this manner, and England refuse to pay after being adjudged guilty, war between the two countries will be inevitable. However much war is to be deprecated, and especially at this time, we believe the national honor should be maintained and no principle sacrificed to avoid it. In this sentiment we believe our people to be a unit. But it may be that our government is in the wrong, and if it is, it is no disgrace to acknowledge it and recede. President Wolsey, who is well versed in international law, expresses the opinion that the claims for consequential damages should be withdrawn, as not being founded in strict right. Congressman Peters, of Maine, has introduced a resolution into the House looking to a withdrawal of the objectionable part of our case, and it was referred without debate to the committee on Foreign Relations. Late dispatches from Washington indicate that the resolution is looked upon with favor by the committee and will be reported. Should Congress pass a resolution of this kind, there is no doubt that the executive will modify our case at Geneva accordingly.

If these national differences are to be settled by the interminable process of negotiation, as an act of pure justice to parties who are the real claimants for these direct damages, our government should at once pay them. These sufferers are scattered all over the country. Many of them lost their all, and from affluence have been reduced to extreme poverty. Surely they are entitled to this consideration for declining to save themselves by exchanging the stars and stripes for the English flag. These individual claims gathered up, make up the American case for direct damages, and they will be paid, for not even England denies their justice. In presenting these claims, our government has really assumed them, and may as well pay them now as any other time. If, after having satisfied the claimants, the government desires to negotiate for something on its own account, no one will suffer by the delay.

We again express the opinion that these differences will be settled without war. The vote in the House of Commons against accompanying the counter case with a threat to withdraw, clearly shows that England will not hastily resort to arms, while the present temper of the Washington authorities encourage the hope that extreme measures will not be adopted until all others have failed.

☞Allan Lambard, Esq., of this city, sold, last week, a four months' old thoroughbred colt, sired by Lancaster out of Sanford mare, to J. D'Arthenay for five hundred dollars. Mrs. D'Arthenay, who has the colt in training, hopes she will make good the place of the valuable mare Duchess, who died a year ago.

Good Templars. The Grand Secretary reports the whole number of Lodges in Maine 277, with a membership of 22,603. The number of lodges is one less than last year, while the number of members has increased 1049.

The Tariff.

The tariff question will probably occupy a good share of the attention of Congress from this time to the adjournment, most of the other important measures having been disposed of. The discussion of this prolific subject commenced several days ago, but as yet without any decisive results. There are some points about which there seems to be no disagreement, while on others there are a variety of opinions.

The abolition of all internal taxes except on liquors and tobacco, seems to be agreed upon on all sides. This will dispense with most of the internal revenue officers, which is very desirable. In many localities there is hardly revenue enough collected to pay the officers engaged in collecting it. It is also generally agreed that there should be a reduction in taxes and duties to the extent of fifty or more millions of dollars per year. But the articles upon which a reduction of duties shall be made, is a matter not so easily decided, and is the practical question now being discussed by Congress.

The Senate favors the abolition of all internal taxes, and of the duties on tea and coffee and a large number of other raw materials; also a reduction of ten per cent. on all manufactured goods. The House Committee was badly divided, only a small minority favoring the views of the Senate. The majority have reported a bill, retaining all internal taxes except those on gas and bank and match stamps, and reducing the duty on tea from fifteen to ten cents, and on coffee from 3 to 2½ cents per pound; while on iron, wool, lumber and manufactures of iron, wool and lumber, a larger reduction of duties is made than is desired by the Senate. During this discussion our markets are very much disturbed, and prices on all articles involved in the discussion are very weak. The duty on tea is now fifteen cents, and on coffee three cents per pound, and should this be taken off, the price per pound to the consumer will be reduced by so much. There are said to be over thirty million pounds of tea and a large quantity of coffee in the different bonden ware houses of the country awaiting final action by Congress. Should the duties on these articles be abolished while they are in bond, they will be released free of duty by the government. This is the reason of their being so disposed of at the present time.

City Items. The Capital Guards have had an invitation to visit Lynn as the guests of the Wooldredge Cadets.—Rev. Dr. Ricker who has been confined to his house by sickness is slowly improving.—Fast day was a very quiet day in this city.—The officers of Trinity Commandery were installed last week.—The Governor and Council are having a business session which will continue into next week.—Mrs. Louisa M. Davidson, a daughter of Judge Weston of this city, died on Saturday from the effects of a cancer. She was 49 years of age.—Rev. C. R. Moor, is to leave with his family for his new home at Boston Highlands, next week.—Eben F. Pillsbury, Esq., is to address the Reform Club Saturday evening.

☞The employes of the old Portland & Kennebec Railroad had a social gathering at Granite Hall in this city, on Wednesday evening of last week. We were not present but judging from what we hear we should think the occasion a very enjoyable one. The evening was spent in banqueting, music, speechmaking, dancing and presenting gifts. Road master Colby was made the recipient of a splendid gold watch and Superintendent Levi L. Lincoln of an elegant tea service of solid silver worth $500. Appropriate toasts were read and responses made after which the decks were cleared for action and the dancing commenced which continued to a late hour.

"Star of the East." This favorite boat commences her regular trips between Boston and the Kennebec river, to-day (Thursday). She is officered as follows: Captain, Jason Collins; Clerks, Messrs. H. Fuller & P. Reed; Mates, Messrs. Bradstreet & Littlefield; Pilots, Messrs. Kimball & Baker; Engineer, L. S. Davis; Steward, Frank Dumphy. Mr. W. J. Tuck, long the gentlemanly clerk of the "Eastern Queen," will represent the company in this city, and the "Clarion," Capt. McLaughlin, will connect with the Star in the transportation of freight and passengers between Gardiner and this city.

☞We learn with regret of the death of Mr. George Sampson of Hallowell, which took place at the residence of his father in New York on Sunday last. Being out of health, a few weeks ago, he went to Florida hoping beneficial results from a change of climate. In this he was disappointed and commencing his journey homeward he was only able to reach New York, when he died. His death will prove a great loss to Hallowell where he has taken an active part in everything that would benefit the city. He was cut down in the prime of his manhood, being about 33 years of age.

Ice Embargo Removed. The Penobscot is clear of ice and the steamer Cambridge of the Sanford line, reached her wharf in Bangor Saturday. The ice moved out of Cape Breton and other Eastern ports Friday. Navigation opened in the great lakes Saturday and steamers left Ogdensburg for Chicago and other points. The ice broke up in the bay Sunday and the Kennebec was open from Augusta to the sea Monday. A vessel reached Gardiner Monday, and the steamer Star of the East Wednesday. The steamer Clarion reached her wharf in this city Wednesday afternoon.

☞The progress of the Reform movement in this city has been unprecedented and is still onward. Granite Hall was densely packed Saturday night and a stirring address delivered by Rev. Geo. H. Vibbert, of Boston. The Club pledge now bears a thousand names; these with the members of the Cold Water Temple, make nearly seventeen hundred persons in this city, who, within the last six months have pledged their sacred honors to abstain from the use of intoxicating beverages.

☞Hon. L. M. Morrill has our thanks for a copy of a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, communicating information in relation to the present condition of the life saving stations on the coast of New Jersey and Long Island; and Hon. A. W. Angerer, chief of the Bureau of Statistics, for a report on the comparative rates of Duties and Imports under the several tariff acts from 1789 to 1870, both inclusive.

Wages and Prices in the Dominion. The increase in the price of food, fuel, clothing, rents, &c., are steadily advancing in Canada, and now very nearly approximate to those in the United States. Within the last twelve years prices have advanced 44 per cent. During this time wages have not increased in the same ratio, the average of eight different trades showing an increase of only 32 per cent.

☞Hon. P. P. Burleigh, Land Agent, has sold at auction a quantity of horses, oxen, sleds and other property, seized last winter, from parties who were operating under a permit from the managers of the European and North American Railway Company on land claimedby the State. The issue when tried, will probably settle the question of the ownership of these lands and the timber thereon.

☞That interesting military Drama entitled "Blue and the Gray" is to be acted at Gardiner four successive evenings next week, commencing Wednesday. The proceeds are for the benefit of Heath Encampment, Post 6, G. A. R.

Painful Accident. A correspondent informs us that Benjamin Fitch of Washington, while at work in a stave machine, met with a severe accident last week, having the thumb and forefinger taken off, and the other three fingers badly torn.

Editor's Table.

True as Steel. By Marion Harland. New York: G. W. Carlton & Co., 1872, 12 mo. pp. 350.

Few names among American writers are better known than that of Marion Harland. She has written much, and has also written well. Her power of painting characters, true to life, is strong, and she has a way of impressing her readers with the reality of the pictures she paints. The character of Hadassah in this last story of hers, is one of the grandest we remember to have met with in her works; and whoever reads to the close of the second chapter, will be sure to go on until the book is finished. It is a *good story*. The book is for sale in this city by J. Frank Pierce.

Eclectic. The May number of this magazine is promptly at hand, and presents valuable selections from leading foreign journals. Portraits of leading American statesmen are continued, and in this number we have an excellent likeness of Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State. The principal articles are "Robert Burns," "Science and Immortality," "A Spanish Orator," "The Shore and the Glacier," and a "French Anarchist," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," is continued, and the editorial department is full and interesting. Published by E. R. Pelton, New York. Terms, $5.00 per annum.

Atlantic Monthly. The *Atlantic* for May is a brilliant number. The leading articles are "Jefferson in the Service of the Revolution," by Parton; "Who was the Pretty Widow?" by W. W. Harvey; "Destiny," by T. B. Aldrich; "In a Church," by C. B. Crasch; "Concepcion of Arguello," by Bret Harte; "Poet at the Breakfast Table," by Dr. Holmes. The departments of "Recent Literature," "Art," "Music" and "Politics" are full and interesting, as usual. J. R. Osgood, & Co., Boston.

Sunday Magazine. This is another of the publications of the enterprising publishers and literary caterers, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Nothing is allowed to be published in this magazine that is not suitable for Sunday reading. The number before us has a continuation of the autobiographical story entitled "The Vicar's Daughter," by Geo. MacDonald," "The Resurrection of the Dead," by Dr. Hanna, with several other interesting articles. Terms, $2.75 per annum.

Good Words. In *Good Words* we have another chapter of the "Golden Lion of Grandpere," by Anthony Trollope, Nos. four each of "Town Geology," and "Sermons before the Queen at Balmoral." The article on "Pauperism Produced by Wealth," is well worth perusal, while "The Idiot Colony at Chatterham" describes one of England's charitable institutions. This magazine is designed for the young, and is one of the best of its class. Published at $2.50 per annum, by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The Transatlantic has articles from *London Society, Linsley's Magazine, Temple Bar, Cassell's Magazine, All the year Round*, &c. This magazine seems to aim at a middle ground between the cheap and trashy literature of the day, and the heavy and more profound articles in the reviews. It has a rapidly increasing circulation, and is well worthy the patronage it receives. L. L. Hamersly & Co., Philadelphia.

Progress of the Temperance Reform. A Washingtonian association was organized in Portland last week. Chas. L. F. Howe was elected President. The meeting was a very spirited one.

A large and enthusiastic temperance meeting was held in Lemont Hall, Brunswick, on Wednesday afternoon and evening. Ex-Gov. Chamberlain presided. In the evening delegations from the Kennebec were present, and the speaking was spirited and effective. About two hundred signed the pledge, mostly of men who have been accustomed to drink; among the number was the landlord of the Tontine Hotel.

Mayor Littlefield presided over a temperance meeting in Auburn Friday evening, which the *Journal* describes as one of the largest and most enthusiastic temperance meetings ever held in that community. A club was organized Monday evening.

Dr. Brickett and others from the Kennebec went to Damariscotta last week and organized a club there. Complete success thus far, has attended every movement. The Grand Lodge of Good Templars is in session at Bangor this week, and public meetings are being held in the evening. Bangor is reported as thoroughly aroused in this temperance uprising. Hon. Joshua Nye, Rev. Geo. A. Vibbert and Gov. Perham were among the speakers at the evening meetings.

Pittston. Mr. C. E. Bisbee, Agent for the Kennebec County Bible Society, has made a canvass of the town of Pittston, and furnishes the following religious statistics: Number of families visited, 500; American 472, Irish 26, Swedish 2. Families attending church, 287; persons connected with Sunday schools, 353; children not connected with Sunday schools, 196; families not having Protestant Bibles, 36; families having the Doway Bible, 14; six declined to receive the Bible. The various denominations represented are as follows: Congregational, 40; Baptist, 28; Universalist, 28; Episcopal, 16; Methodist, 115; Free Baptist, 14; Catholic, 21. There are in town three churches, only one of which is now occupied.

Tornado in South Carolina. A tornado swept over the up-country on Thursday night. The new market house at Columbia, which was about finished, was blown down. The worst damage was done in Chester, where sixty-two houses were destroyed by the storm, and many others seriously damaged. Nobody was killed, but four colored persons were injured by falling houses. Miles of fence were blown down and a thousand large fruit trees torn up by the roots. Loss in Chester $50,000—mostly falling on persons of small means.

Death of a Good Man. A correspondent speaks very highly of the character of Christopher C. Fuller whose death appears in our mortuary column. He was born in Freedom in 1830. In early life he evinced a remarkable talent for mathematics, but his health was delicate, and by the advice of friends he abandoned study and engaged in the mill business, in which he was successful. Of a kind and obliging disposition, upright and honest, he deservedly had the respect of all his associates.

☞A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has just been organized in Portland. The movement was started by Mrs. L. D. M. Sweat, who is also one of the Directors. The Board of Directors embraces some of the best citizens of Portland. We are pleased to announce the organization of such societies, though their necessity is greatly to be regretted.

Continued Earthquakes in California. Violent shocks of earthquakes continue in Inyo County, southeastern California, but are not felt on the western side of the Sierra Nevada. An island is rising in Mono Lake. Houses were thrown down on Friday last at Round Valley camp, Inyo County. The earth opened in many places but no lives were lost.

Internal Revenue. The amount of money collected by the Internal Revenue Department in 1871 was $18,375,388,20. The expense of collecting this sum was $7,225,362,50. We have the authority of the fifth auditor of the Treasury for these figures. It is time these taxes were abolished and the country rid of the army of collectors and assessors who pocket nearly one half of the whole sum collected.

☞And now we have a telegram all the way from Berlin, stating that the Emperor William of Germany, *has sprained his knee*. The speedy transmission throughout the world of such hefty news demonstrates the great value of the Atlantic Cable, without which we probably should not have heard of this for a month.

The Pettingill Letters.--No. 1.

Edited by E. P. Dole.

My Dear Boy—We are all well, and for once I am going to give news the slip and write a letter of advice. Now don't start and throw the paper aside in disgust; first because you know how strongly I have your interest at heart, and secondly, because never having written a letter of the kind before, it will not be likely to be of the maiden-aunt pattern. Even farmers, like myself, have some time to read and more to think—so here goes, and you can take the result at what it's worth.

The Good Book says there shall be a seed time and harvest; but I don't know that it says there will be anything to harvest, or, if there is, that the crop will not be all grasshoppers. The fact is, I'm pretty hard up; one more grasshopper year and you will have to work your own way. Your education is costing a great deal. Last year it took the profits on fourteen hundred bushels of potatoes, besides what you earned by your winter school. Now if you do your best, I don't begrudge them; although I didn't raise much else. If you don't do well, all the hard work they cost me is a dead loss.

Two years ago I spent a hundred dollars for bone dust; and it paid, because I put it on my best land, and planted seed adapted to the soil and kept down the weeds. Now it seems to me that mind is like land, and education is like bone dust. A college education in itself can't make a strong and useful man, any more than bone dust alone can make a heavy crop of corn grow. You can't raise either from a foundation of sand. I don't think your mind is sand. How rich it is I don't know, but it's rich enough to raise something. Something will grow on it—don't let it be weeds; don't let it run to mullein and bull thistle. Plant it with the right seed, cultivate, enrich.

It isn't of so much consequence what you study, as it is *how* you study; how much you read, as *how* you read. A boy learns nothing of any value unless he learns to think. Till then whatever he does learn is "the father of headache and the curse of sleep" to himself and every one about him. A parrot can be taught to repeat Latin and Greek, or anything else. I've seen boys who learned just like a parrot, and it did them just as much good and no more. Your diploma will amount to nothing. 'Tis nothing but the hide of a mutton head, often used to hide a mutton head as well. It can't make you a scholar any more than a patent of nobility can make you a *noble* man. Your class rank in itself is not worth working for. You know that those who take the highest rank, even if they do it honestly, are seldom the ablest fellows or the fellows who learn most; but those who bend all their energies just to make a show at recitation. The object of your college education ought to be partly to give you the rudiments of knowledge, but far more to teach you *how* to learn and how to use your knowledge and mental power, how to think and how to act. So don't try to lead all your classes. Take a fair rank in all but one, and dig as deeply into that as possible. You remember the old sage was called the wisest of men because he found out that he knew nothing. That isn't exactly the kind of knowledge for a court room. See if you can't get one step ahead of that ancient gentleman, and know that you know one thing at least. Do you suppose that Agassiz would ever have done his life's mighty work if he had divided his time equally between the whole range of "ologist?" I have been told of a German who studied Latin seventy years. Some called it a waste of time, but he laid the foundation of all the modern grammars.

You are fond of history, and I am very glad of it. No study can possibly be more useful to you than this. Aside from the study of your life, no study ought to claim more of your time and attention. To me, no study has been more interesting. Don't read it hastily. Fix the leading events, the great landmarks of the past, clearly in your memory. One know-it is better than ten think-its. I don't think it pays to read all the foot-notes, but look them over and read the most important. Most historians are squint-eyed, each one in a different way, and so you must estimate them somewhat by the rules of proportion—extremes and means, you know.

You ought to study the master-pieces of argument and eloquence. Take Webster's reply to Hayne, for instance. You can read it *over* in an evening; but you can't read it *through* in a week. It isn't the surface, but the depth that you ought to measure. It was thrown off at a few hours' notice, but it was the study of Webster's life. That subject had become almost a part of his being; he felt it throbbing in his veins, burning in his very soul, until, when the occasion came,—to use his own words—he was "no longer able to repress the utterance of his spontaneous sentiments." No longer able to be silent, for the honor of the flag, the authority of the constitution, and the life of the nation were assailed, and he stood forth in all the splendor of genius—earnest, powerful, triumphant. Men gaze at the mountain crag and see no change while year after year the snows and the ice add to its weight, and the solid rock beneath wastes and crumbles away, and when, at length, they are startled by the thunder of the avalanche they wonder at its *sudden* power! There is no power suddenly created either in nature or in man; it is only its exhibition that is sudden. It is said that one of the most powerful sermons ever preached in this country was delivered off hand. After its close a brother clergyman grasped the hand of the preacher, saying that it was a wonderful sermon, and that *he* couldn't have prepared *such a one in six months*. "Neither could I," was the answer; "I have studied that subject for fifty years." One of the most gifted men that ever lived said that genius was nothing in the world but "eternal patience." Dickens says that genius and opportunity may form the sides of the ladder, but the rounds must *always* be made of hard work. Nearly everything which is worth your reading is worth your study and careful thought. Then it is like money at interest—the more time you give it, the more it increases in value. So read, but don't cram, *digest*.

Ever your affectionate father,

Zebulun Pettingill.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from Boston.

It was with emotions of joy and thankfulness that I saw by a recent number of the Maine Farmer, that so deep an interest was felt in the temperance cause in my native State. I was rejoiced to learn that the Washingtonian movement was progressing to such an extent along the Kennebec, and in all the principal cities of the Old Pine Tree State. I recognize among the leaders, the names of some whom I have known from childhood, men of genius, business men, men of talent, culture and refinement, who are active in any work which they undertake, and I am glad to know they are engaged in the work of reformation. When such men as these, put their shoulders to the wheel it must move, and I hope it will continue to revolve until the curse of intemperance is driven from the State.

We think the work began in the right way. Some of the Reform Club commenced by setting their own house in order. After trifling with the wine cup for years they find "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder;" that it is poisoning their lives, corrupting their hearts, and destroying them soul and body. They seek their own salvation they sign the pledge; they unite their efforts with those of prominent temperance men, and in company with them go from city to city, urging men to reform. When we see the "legal measure" in the person of Joshua Nye, and the "moral suasion," in the person of Dr. Brickett, joining hands and working together, we cannot but think success must attend their efforts.

Some tell us "there is something at the bottom of all this. Depend upon it there is something behind the scenes. These men seek political honors; 'tis not the temperance cause they have at heart; they want office." I answer such, my dear Grumbler, all men cannot go to the State Legislature this fall. Probably not over half of them expect to go to Congress. And I venture to say not more than one-fourth intend to be Governor of the State of Maine in eighteen seventy-two. God help every man who would reform to keep his pledge.

I doubt not some will retrograde. But if only one is saved we shall have reason to bless God for the Reform Club. If only some of these noble men, whose lives are overshadowed by this dark cloud, which sometimes almost quenches the brightness of their otherwise brilliant and useful lives, are only kept for a time from the power of the demon, some good will have been accomplished. I am truly glad that the press is helping in the work by speaking in terms of commendation and cheer, and I would like to help if only a little with my pen.

Temperance.

For the Maine Farmer.

"The Matter in Maine,"

Grass Dale, Salem.

The New York *Weekly Tribune* of April 3, reproduces under the above caption, an article published in the Maine Farmer of March 16, attributed in the *Tribune* to "Truthful James," but in the Farmer signed "Republican" an inadvertent on the policy of the State of Maine in regard to her settling lands, and also her usury laws.

I do not feel alarmed as to the influence of this article on those who have the facts in mind, but as an erronous impression is created, I desire to set forth the facts as I understand them. A law has existed in the State of Maine for many years, virtually giving away the public domain to any one who would settle on it, performing such duties as would constitute a permanent location. A few years ago, finding the public lands not settling so fast as the interest of the State required, a law was passed offering extra inducements to a class of foreigners to settle on those lands; and I imagine that there is little doubt among well informed and candid persons that this action has been to the great advantage of the State, yet there are some persons who grumble that better inducements should be offered to foreigners than to our own citizens and others. It may be that these favors should be extended to all. If so, a proper agitation of the subject will doubtless produce this result.

In regard to usury laws, the legal rate of interest was only established at 6 per cent. and penal laws were enacted to punish the taking of a greater rate of interest. It is well known that this law did not prevent the taking of twelve, eighteen or twenty per cent. Lenders would evade the law and brave the penalty, but in many cases move out of the State and carry their money with them, to the great injury of business here. A law has lately been passed retaining the six per cent. as the legal rate of interest where no agreement is made between the parties, but legalizing, by agreement a higher rate, not exceeding twelve. At least, this is the law according to my present recollection. Now it is my belief that no one has paid eighteen or twenty per cent. who would not have been obliged to pay the same if the law had not been changed. I neither advocate nor condemn this law, I am willing it should be fairly tried, and stand or fall on its merits. I was always opposed to extortion and oppression in every form. But as I contended for the observance of the old law because it was law, I now advise that the present law be ungrumblingly sustained until it shall prove itself obnoxious, when, if the people so say, it will be repealed.

Albert Pease.

Political Summary. The Republicans of North Carolina have nominated T. R. Caldwell the present incumbent for governor and Curtis H. Bragdon, for lieutenant governor. The convention endorsed Gen. Grant for the Presidency.—John Hickman and A. K. McClure of Pennsylvania, head a petition for a convention to choose delegates to Cincinnati.—The Liberal Republicans of West Virginia favor Chief Justice Chase for the Presidency.—The *Boston Pilot*, organ of the Irish Roman Catholics, opposes the Philadelphia convention.—A large Grant meeting was held in New York on Wednesday of last week. Hon. M. E. Dodge, President of the Chamber of Commerce presided and among the Vice Presidents were Peter Cooper, Edwards Pierrpont, Thurlow Weed, E. D. Morgan, A. T. Stewart, Henry Ward Beecher, George Opdyke, Gen. Sigel and W. H. Vanderbilt. A telegram was read from the Maine delegation, pledging the State to Grant.—The Louisianna Democratic State Convention met and chose a chairman and adjourned to June 3d.—Republican conventions to nominate Maine Congressmen will be holden in the Second District at Auburn, on the 22d of May, in the 3d at Augusta on the 21st, and in the 4th at Bangor on the 15th.

☞The Supreme Court of the United States has decided against the constitutionality of Judge McKean's judicial proceedings in Utah, and the Attorney General has ordered the discharge of Brigham Young, and all other persons imprisoned by order of this court. The proceedings of Judge McKean have generally been approved by the people of the country and it was hoped, that, through his means, the relic of barbarism which is in existence among the Mormon people, would be swept away. But since the proceedings are contrary to the principals of the organic law, it is better to have them stayed, and begin right next time. The progress of the last twenty months is not lost, for, during this time the light of civilization has shown up the dark subject in all its deformities and the days of polygamy are numbered, and that, too, without the interference of law. The points decided by the court were that the judge had no right to exclude polygamists from juries or in any manner interfere with the local law, bearing upon the subject and that all proceedings based upon the territorial law against polygamy are void. The territories are declared to be on the same footing, as it regards control and direction of local matters, as States themselves.

☞A dispatch from Halifax states that firing was heard off the harbor Saturday and a signal from the citadel in answer, showed it to be by the steamship Peruvian from Liverpool. She had gone on Thorum Cap Shoals and was in a dangerous position. Tugs were sent to her assistance and her passengers, 700 in number, were put in boats and sent on board a schooner which had previously gone to her relief. The tugs succeeded in getting the steamer off and she now lies in the stream leaking badly. It is stated that her compartments are filled with water. Divers have gone down to examine the condition of her bottom. The place where she went aground is a bad one. In another hour she would probably have gone to pieces. At last accounts she was still leaking, but would be repaired in a few days. She was bound for Portland.

Post-routes. The bill to establish new post routes throughout the country, reported by the Senate committee on post roads, contains the following for Maine:—Matawamkeag to Medway, Greenville to Mount Kineo, Lyndon to New Sweded, Green's Landing to Isle-au-Haut, Indian Township to Grand Lake Stream, Winter Harbor to West Goldsborough, Linneus to Island Falls, Lyndon to Washburn, Ætna Center to South Ætna, Newfield to Wakefield station.

☞The Walter A. Wood Co., of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., will introduce this season an improved Iron Frame Mowing Machine, said to possess more real merit than any mower in use. This company, after eighteen years experience, are enabled to overcome all the *weak and objectional* features heretofore exhibited in iron frames. They propose to build Twenty Thousand for the harvest of 1872.

Items of Maine News.

The President has nominated Thomas Cole to be collector for the port of Saco.

A. G. Fletcher's store in Clinton Gore, was destroyed by fire last Saturday morning.

We learn that Hon. F. Loring Talbot of East Machias, is seriously ill of inflammation of the brain.

Hon. Horatio Alden, late Judge of Probate for Knox county, one of the most prominent business men in Camden, died Friday morning at 9 o'clock.

The Biddeford *Times* states that Isaac Goodrich of Berwick, dropped dead while eating breakfast, Tuesday morning.

The *Journal* says a cow belong to Enoch Verrill, West Auburn, a few days since dropped three heifer calves, all of which are alive and doing finely.

The *Chronicle* understands that J. W. Porter of Strong, will erect the coming season a pulp factory in that place.

Charles Martin of Pittsfield, hung himself Tuesday morning. Cause, depression of spirits, resulting from an incurable cancer.

A little daughter of Mr. Orville Hanson of Milo, was so badly scalded last Wednesday by falling into a pail of boiling water, that she died on Friday.

Wm. Britt, alias Burnham, a lumberman of twenty years, belonging in Hugusta, was caught a few days ago, in an attempt to rob the house of Mr. Seeking at Great Falls, N. H.

The *Journal* says the shipments of boots and shoes from Lewiston and Auburn the past week have been 1428 cases, to 1410 cases the previous week.

Gen. Samuel F. Hersey of Bangor, is one of the corporators of the Postal Telegraph Company in favor of which the Palmer bill is to be introduced in Congress.

There was made in the town of Boothbay in 1861, 304,000 gallons of menhaden oil and 2300 tons of fish guano, which sold for $187,900, says the Lewiston *Journal*.

The following are the current prices of produce in Aroostook county: hay, $16 to $18; oats, 50 to 65c.; beans, $3 to $4; eggs, 15 to 17c.; butter, 25 to 30.

The town of Holden has refused to exempt the Holden Steam Mill Co. from taxation for the term of four years.

Mrs. Willis, widow of the late Hon. Wm. Willis of Portland, died quite suddenly on Sunday forenoon of apoplexy.

Friday Mr. John Garland of Bethel, had his thigh bone badly broken by an oblique fracture in consequence of the breaking of the speed-wheel.

Lewis Freeman, fifteen years old, son of Rev. B. Freeman, of Cape Elizabeth, fell from the topmast crosstrees of a vessel, a distance of eighty-four feet, Saturday evening, to the deck, killing him instantly.

The Capital Guards of Augusta, have been invited by the Wooldredge Cadets to visit Lynn, and there is a possibility that the visit will be made at the same time with the Jameson Guards of Bangor.

The Bridgton *News* says the carriage factory of Mr. Oren Libby in South Bridgton, with all its contents was destroyed by fire Wednesday morning. Loss, $4500; insurance, $1300.

The town of Bridgton has voted to exempt from taxation the capital stock of a cotton mill of from $75,000 to $100,000, for a term of ten years from the time they may commence running.

Alexander Lang, a well known citizen of Pittsfield, was found dead in his bed on Friday morning. He had two fits of appoplexy on the Saturday evening previous. His age was forty-eight years.

George Weeks of Sidney, committed suicide Sunday, by hanging. His age was 77.

Wm. J. Knights of Brunswick, died suddenly of heart disease last week. He served in Company C, Fifteenth Maine Regiment, for three years during the rebellion.

There was quite an excitement on Commercial street, Portland, Saturday, owing to a car loaded with gunpowder passing through the street and being shifted on to a side track.

The house and barn of John Irvin, in Bingham, was struck by lightning Tuesday night, April 9th. The floors of the house were badly shattered and some other damage was done, but none of the inmates were injured. The barn was but slightly damaged.

Mr. Alexander Young was instantly killed Monday in Waldoboro', while at work on Augustus Fitz' house. He had just deposited a bundle of shingles on the staging under the eaves when the whole thing gave way, precipitating him to the ground.

Hudson M., son of Mial and Ann Mossman, of Union, ten years of age, was killed instantly on the 15th, by the starting of a pile of logs on which he was playing. The ice had thawed away causing the logs to start easily from their resting place.

The *Voice* says that E. Longfellow of Silver Ridge, was taken bleeding at the nose last Saturday, and now lies very low. He bled nearly the whole time two days and nights. Dr. Fitch was called and for a time the bleeding has been staunched.

The Maine Central Railroad Company have made arrangements to construct a temporary bridge across the Androscoggin between Topsham and Brunswick as soon as the ice is out. They intend to have it ready for use in about three weeks.

Saturday last, Master McBride successfully launched from his yard in Lubec, a new schooner called the Sammy Ford, of about 180 tons, to be commanded by Capt. Howard W. Allen, of Lubec. Messrs. Staples & Son are the agents and will put her in the trade between that place and New York.

The "Bangor *Democrat* case," a suit for the recovery of damages for the destruction of the presses and material of that paper at an exciting period of the war, has been settled by the payment of $3,000, which embraces costs.

The body of Anna Wood, one of the two girls who committed suicide last November, by jumping into the Falls at Lewiston, was found on Wednesday floating in the river and was recovered. It will be recollected that the body of her companion had been found a few days previous.

The *Mail* says the old Asa Getchell homestead, in Winslow, owned and occupied by Freeman Getchell, was burned on Tuesday evening. The fire took from a chimney in the ell, and no man being at home except the aged father, who is quite infirm and helpless, only the contents of the two front rooms were saved.

Mr. F. A. Butterfield, of East Wilton, observed a common oat growing in his corn-field last season, and out of curiosity allowed it to remain, with the following results: From it were produced 32 stalks, and each of these averaged 100 oats. The tallest stalk measured six feet in height.

John Miller supposed to belong in Canada, was knocked off the cars in the night of Thursday last, by coming in contact with the public bridge at Bethel Hill. He was not missed till the train reached Bryant's Pond, when the conductor telegraphed to Bethel. A second train had passed over his body before it was found. The wheels had passed over him lengthwise, and had mangled him in a most shocking manner.

Mr. Totman's store at Kendall's Mills was broken into Friday night of last week, and subsequently the same night a store at Pishon's Ferry. The rogues were chased to Waterville Saturday forenoon, and one of them, Frank Roderick, of Skowhegan, was caught under the Town Hall, where he had crawled in the mud to escape notice. The other, George McLaughlin, of Kendall's Mills, daringly crossed the broken ice in the Kennebec and put for the woods in Winslow.

Messrs. Reed & Moore, have just completed the plan for the proposed railroad from Norway to South Paris, to connect with Grand Trunk railway. It leaves the latter line just south of the county road, crossing the road a few rods out of South Paris village, and then extending in a direct line to Norway village, striking the main street just north of the engine house and tannery, thus bringing the station into the centre of the village, without crossing valuable property.

County Attorney Mattocks will try Simon A. Lovett of Portland, again at the May term for the murder of Leonard Swett, the jury having disagreed at the January term. Strenuous exertions have been made by his friends to have him allowed to plead guilty to assault and not battery and have *nol pros* entered as to the remainder of the charge but without success.

The *Press* says that the store of Charles Mason on Bethel Hill, was entered by burglars on Sunday night, who blew open the safe with powder. They got but little money to reward them, for Mr. Mason, who had taken his money, amounting to about $600, out for use on Saturday, had forgotton to return it and carried it home in his pocket. The store of Oliver Mason was also broken into the same night, but the rogues did not succeed in opening the safe, which contained about $700, and they were forced to content themselves with what little money there was in the till.

The Bath *Times* says a petition is in circulation asking the Governor and Council to pardon the Bowdoinham bank robbers upon their returning all or a considerable portion of the stolen money. A correspondent of the *Times* suggests that while it is an undoubted hardship for the depositors to lose what was in most cases their all, still it cannot be admitted as sound, either in principle or in policy, the idea that the robber may be pardoned for money.

Items of General News.

Matamoras has been placed under martial law.

The strawberry crop in California this season will be immense.

George P. Marsh, American Minister to Italy, is seriously ill.

Dr. Peters, at Litchfield Observatory, Hamilton College, announces the discovery of a new planet.

The business portion of the town of Vernon, Mich., was burned Thursday.

John Jay Knox has been appointed Comptroller of Currency.

Ten bodies of the lost steamer Oceanus were found Monday of last week, and buried.

Ole Bull sails for Norway May 21st. He is now in Chicago.

A shock of earthquake was experienced at Memphis, Tenn., at 2 o'clock Saturday morning.

A Jewish rabbi occupied a Universalist pulpit in

Foreign News.

Latest from Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN.

London, April 16. Earl Granville laid before the House of Lords to-night the counter case and note presented at Geneva yesterday by the agent on the part of Great Britain. He stated that when the accompanying note of protest was delivered, Mr. Davis, agent on the part of the United States, said that his instructions did not contemplate the probability of such a note. He therefore reserved for the United Staaes Government the right to vindicate the scope of the Treaty of Washington.

London, April 16. The United States steamer Iroquis arrived at Gibraltar to-day.

Two new lines of Atlantic steamers are proposed—one between Glasgow and New York and the other between Liverpool and New Orleans.

London, April 17. Charles Reade has announced his intention to prosecute five journals for libel, which he alleges was embodied in several unfavorable criticisms upon his play entitled "Shelly-Shally."

Liverpool, April 17. Arrived, steamer Mississippi from New Orleans.

London, April 18. The Queen will visit Napoleon at Chiselhurst to-morrow.

Edwin James, the well known English lawyer, who resided some years in New York, delivered a lecture on the United States last night at St. George's Hall. He was very severe in his denunciations of the politicians, Legislatures and judges of that country. Alluding to the Alabama controversy, he said the extraordinary claims of the American Government were presented only for the purpose of making capital for the present Administration. He also stated that after eleven years residence in America he was led to believe there were more Monarchists in that country than Republicans in England.

London, April 18. The weekly statement by the Bank of England shows an increase of £136,000.

Advices from Melbourne of the 20th ult. state that the Theatre Royal at Melbourne has been destroyed by fire.

A cyclone passed over the western part of Austrilia, doing much damage to property.

London, April 22. The News states that it is possible before the close of the next week the present Gladstone Cabinet will be dissolved and be succeeded by a conservative ministry. The general elections for members of Parliament takes place during the latter part of the summer. It is also certain that the government will be defeated in the Commons when the division occurs on Fawcett's bill relative to the University of Dublin, which has been made a cabinet question.

The English Cabinet yesterday resolved if defeated on Fawcett's Dublin University bill, that all would accept the defeat as a vote of confidence, and resign. The House will decide on Thursday whether this pretext causes resignation, or the grave Alabama question.

The Duke of Richmond in the House of Lords and Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons, gave notice to-night that they should question the government to-morrow as to whether it was prepared to give Parliament and the country an assurance that further proceedings before the Geneva Board of Arbitration on the Alabama claims will be suspended unless the claims for indirect damages are withdrawn and abandoned by the government of the United States.

In the upper House Lord Oranomore wanted all the papers produced and also the minutes of conversations accompanying the presentation of the British counter case at Geneva. The record, he believed, would prove humiliating to the country. He declared that it was degrading to ask the American government any question as to the propriety of our presenting the counter case.

Earl Granville replied that there had been no degradation. He described his conversations with Mr. Schenck the American Minister as entirely personal. Mr. Schenck agreed to ask the government at Washington its views of the propriety of the presentation by Great Britain of her counter case and accompanying documents at Geneva. To this inquiry no answer had been received.

France.

Paris, April 16. President Thiers has written a letter to King Amadeus declaring that no power, not excepting Italy, is more interested than France in the consolidation of the dynastic institutions in Spain.

The order abolishing the passport system has gone into operation. Persons arriving in and leaving France to-day were not obliged to show their passports.

Gen. L'Admirault, Governor of Paris, reports to President Thiers that the present condition of the city is most satisfactory.

The Commissioners on Capitulation, in their report on the surrender at Sedan, severely censure Napoleon for not consulting with his generals before capitulating.

Paris, April 18. The Constitutionlel positively contradicts the statement made by the London Telegraph that serious differences have arisen between France and Germany.

Paris, April 18. France having abolished the passport system as regards England only, other countries demand of her similar exemption.

Paris, April 21. A dispatch from the French Embassador at Berlin represents his relations with the German Government on a very good footing.

President Thiers will shortly hold a review of the military forces in and around Paris. The review, which takes place at Long Champs, will be preceded by maneuvres on a large scale.

The American squadron, consisting of seven vessels, has arrived at Marseilles.

Spain.

Madrid, April 16. The bands of Carlists agitating the country for the past few days have all disappeared with the exception of one in the province of Barcelona, which has offered to surrender to the Government. It is represented that no attention whatever was paid by the country people to the movements of these bands, although large sums of money were spent to secure their sympathy.

It is said that the foreign powers have given the Spanish Government assurances of their determination to suppress the International Society.

Madrid, April 17. A band of marauders entered the village of Mancha and seized 3000 reals belonging to the municipal funds. The Commander of the band gave the town authorities a receipt for the money, to which he signed his name as "Peco, General Commanding in Chief of the Federal Armies of Don Carlos."

Madrid, April 18. A decree has been issued annulling the concession for a telegraph cable to America by way of the Azores.

Madrid, April 20. Don Carlos has already carried out his intention of issuing a manifesto against the manner in which the recent elections for the members of the Cortes was conducted. His protest, which also adjures his partizans who have been elected to the Cortes not to take their seats in that body, is now in consultation in that city.

The newspaper agency of the Carlists party publish a manifesto of Don Carlos protesting against the late electionn and declaring that henceforth Carlos and his followers will protest only in the field. A general rising of the Carlist in all parts of the country is momentarily expected. Troops are prepared to meet it.

The Imperial is assured that the King's speech to-morrow will contain the following declaration: "I will not impose myself on the country except as a representative of and supported by the majority, but if some turbulent minority seeks to impose its will on the nation I know my duty and will fulfil it.

Germany.

Berlin, April 16. At a meeting last night of the journeymen carpenters and joiners, they resolved not to yield their demands, under a threat of lock out, which the masters say they will carry into effect on Saturday.

Berlin, April 20. The North German Gazette to-day again denies the truth of the London Daily Telegraph's alarming statement in regard to the relatons of France and Germany but takes occasion to remark that the last speech of President Thiers has produced an unpleasant feeling throughout Germany, and that the character of the French war budget dictates caution on the part of Germany.

Hungary.

Pesth, April 16. The session of the Hungarian Diet was closed to-day by the Emperor. His majesty dwelt with deep satisfaction on five years of his successful working of the Austro-Hungarian compromise. During that time the prosperity of the country has been steadily increasing, the relations with foreign powers were on a good footing, and with peace at home and abroad there was every prospect that the progress of the kingdom would be uninterrupted.

Mexico.

Matamoras, April 20. The 7th cavalry revolted at Contina's headquarters yesterday and attempted to take the life of the General, who was rescued by the 4th regiment. Several were killed on both sides and 70 men went over to the revolutionists. Six men taken in the revolt were shot by order of Cortina.

Passengers from Camargo assert positively that Quiroga is en route here with about 3000 men. The revolutionists here assert that they will be here to-morrow with heavy artillery. Every preparation is made for resistance.

According to the latest advices the revolutionists are gaining ground in Mexico, and the whole country is filled with Anarchy.

Congressional Summary.

XLIId Congress--Second Session.

TUESDAY, April 16.

SENATE. A bill was passed for the redemption and sale of public lands under the acts levying direct taxes. It excludes all lots used as national cemeteries or for naval or military purposes.

A joint resolution was introduced allowing American officials in France to accept testimonials from the German Empire for services to Germans during the war.

Mr. Wright, from the Committee on Finance reported without amendment a bill to establish an assay office at Helena, Montana.

Mr. Patterson introduced a bill directing the adjustment and payment of the claims of the State of New Hampshire, or of the towns and cities of the State upon assessment of bounty money advanced to volunteers.

HOUSE. Mr. Starkweather, of Connecticut, presented a petition from the American Baptist Missionary Union for an appropriation from the Chinese indemnity fund for their house, destroyed by the Chinese Government at Ningpo in 1862.

Mr. Ketcham, of New York, from the conference committee on the St. Croix and Lake Superior land grant, reported that the committee was unable to agree, and moved that the House insist on its action and appoint another committee.

Mr. Schofield, of Pennsylvania, moved that the House recede from its action, which would have the effect of passing the Senate bill.

Mr. Holman, of Indiana, moved that the House adhere to its action, which would make it final.

Mr. Ketcham, in view of Mr. Scofield's motion, accepted that of Mr. Holman in lieu of his own.

Mr. Scofield's motion was rejected—57 to 115,—and Mr. Holman's adopted—110 to 64. This amounts to the rejection of the bill as the substitute adopted by the House, and to which it voted to adhere was to declare the lands reserved to actual settlers. Adjourned.

Mr. Dawes proceeded to address the House on the tariff. He said the amount of the reduction on the basis of last year's receipt's is as follows:—Tea, $2,348,639; coffee, $2,949,-309; coal, $322,881; salt, $615,522; leather, $529,258; iron and manufactures, $2,135,-223; steel and manufactures, $745,539; wool, $559,823; woolen manufactures, $4,759,680; woolen carpets $197,772; cotton manufactures, $788,724; copper manufactures, $39,-611; chemicals, drugs, etc., $584,862; cork manufactured, $28,715; lumber, $761,861; all other articles, $212; free list, $1,584,667; total, $18,952, 438. Internal revenue—Tobacco, $6,720,000; gas, $2,573,123; bank checks, $1,250,000; matches, $2,250,000; agreement stamps, estimated $100,000; total, $12,893,623; grand total, $31,845,561

WEDNESDAY, April 17.

SENATE. A bill was passed appropriating $50,000 to enable American astronomers to make observations of the transit of Venus in 1874

The following bills from the Judiciary Committee were passed: To perpetuate testimony in the United States Courts; to further the administration of justice; supplementary to the act amending the enforcement act.

The latter provides that in the existing laws of any State the election commencing on the Tuesday next after the 1st Monday in Nov. 1872, for the Presidential election, be required to be continued more than one day, then said election shall be continued the same number of days required by the laws of such State.

HOUSE. The bill regulating the seizure and examination of books and invoices in revenue cases was passed.

A bill encouraging the planting of trees on public lands was debated till the expiration of the morning hour.

The provisions of the bill carrying out the Treaty of Washington, on motion of Mr. Banks of Massachusetts, was postponed four weeks.

The bill appropriating $325,292 for the Military Academy at West Point passed.

THURSDAY, April 18.

SENATE. Mr. Sumner gave notice that when the amnesty bill comes up he will move as an amendment another bill of a greater importance, namely, the supplementary civil rights bill (laughter), and hoped for the support of the Senator from South Carolina.

Mr. Robertson promised support.

Friday of next week was assigned for the consideration of bills from the Public Lands Committee, with the understanding that the appropriation bill and Mr. Fenton's bill have the precedence.

The bill for the relief of the purchasers of lands sold for direct taxes in Southern States passed.

HOUSE. A bill was introduced suspending the further cancellation of three per cent. certificates till next January. Referred to the Banking Committee.

The Civil Service Reform bill was taken up and discussed at some length.

Mr. Lynch of Maine offered a substitute requiring all recommendations for appointment to dismissal from office to be made in writing, stating the reasons therefor, and such reasons to be regarded as official, and to be at all times open to the inspection of members of Congress.

In the course of his remarks, Gen. Butler said, the country had the best civil service in the world, and pointed to the fact that the losses from army paymasters during the war were only 2½ per cent., while such losses by France during the Napoleonic wars were 27 per cent., and by England during the American war 2½ per cent., and that the loss on all the millions that had passed through the Treasury for the last ten years was one on every $778,000.

FRIDAY, April 19.

SENATE. The deficiency appropriation bill was taken up.

Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, offered an amendment, providing that the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims shall not extend to or include any claim for abandened or captured property received or collected either by civil or military authorities in cases commenced within two years after the suppression of the rebellion, and where the claimants have proved to the satisfaction of the Court that they had never given aid or comfort to the rebellion.

Mr. Sumner introduced the following bills:—To authorize inquiries into the causes of steamboat explosions; appropriating $100,000 to be expended under the direction of the President in making such experiments as may in his opinion be useful and important to guard against steam boiler explosions.

Mr. Ramsay, from the committee of conference on the bill to prevent straw bids for mail contracts, made a report, which was concurred in.

HOUSE The House resumed the consideration of the Civil Service bill.

After considerable discussion the bill was recommitted.

MONDAY, April 22.

SENATE. The deficiency bill came up, the question being on Mr. Morrill's amendment.

Mr. Bayard opposed.

Considerable debate as to what bill should be considered took place, when a message was received from the President, transmitting a copy of the counter case of the United States against Great Britain.

HOUSE. Mr. Wood of N. Y., introduced a bill directing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue to the Assistant Treasurers in New York, Philadelphia and Boston $2,000,000 in coin and $2,500,000 in U. S. legal tenders, the notes to be loaned on pledge of U. S. bonds under certain stipulations.

The morning hour was consumed in reading a long internal revenue bill introduced by Mr. Maynard.

The bill preventing straw bids for carrying mails, as reported from the Conference Committee, was agreed to.

The Indiana contested election case came up, the report of the Committee being that Mr. Wilson the sitting member was entitled to the seat.

After discussion the resolution giving the seat to Mr. Wilson was adopted, yeas 105, nays 64.

Mr. Ely of N. Y., introduced a bill to repeal the law which requires cigar manufacturers to give bonds.

On motion of Mr. Banks of Mass.; a resolution was adopted calling on the President for the correspondence touching the claims for indirect damages against Great Britain.

Mr. Cox of N. Y. from the Committee on rules, reported a rule excluding from admission to the floor of the House, ex-members of Congress who do not declare on honor that they have no personal or private interest in any legislative measure before the House, or any of its Committees, the object being to exclude ex-members engaged in lobbying.

SENATE. Mr. Carpenter again made a legal argument in reply to Mr. Thurman, in favor of admitting Abbott to a seat. The question was taken on the minority report admitting Abbott, and it was rejected—42 to 10.

The resolution reported by the majority of the committee declaring Abbott not entitled to the seat was then adopted.

Mr. Pomeroy offered a resolution which was agreed to, calling on the President for information relating to the acts of marshals and deputy marshals in the Indian country; also for all the information in possession of the department relating to the recent charges at Whittemores, Bonner Fork, Cherokee Nation.

HOUSE. The session was spent in discussing the bill granting the Central Pacific Railroad Company the use of half of Goat Island in the harbor of San Francisco but before coming to a vote the House adjourned; the evening session was devoted to the consideration of the Pension bill.

SOLDIER'S HOMESTEAD BILL. In answer to numerous correspondents, we publish herewith the full text of the act recently passed by Congress, and signed by the President, granting certain privileges to honorably discharged soldiers in settling on public lands:

Be it enacted, etc., That every private soldier and officer, who has served in the Army of the United States during the recent Rebellion, for 90 days or more, and who was honorably discharged, and has remained loyal to the government, including the troops mustered into the service of the United States by virtue of the third section of an act, entitled, "An act making appropriations for completing the defenses of Washington, and for other purposes," approved Feb. 13, 1862; and every seaman, marine, and officer who has served in the Navy of the United States, or in the Marine Corps during the Rebellion for 90 days, and who was honorably discharged, and has remained loyal to the government, shall, on compliance with the provisions of the act, entitled, "An act to secure homesteads to actual settlers on the public domain," and the acts amendatory thereof, as hereinafter modified, be entitled to enter upon and receive patents for a quantity of public lands (not mineral), not exceeding 160 acres, or one quarter section, to be taken in compact form according to legal subdivisions, including the alternate reserved sections of public lands along the line of any railroad or other public work not otherwise reserved or appropriated, and other lands subject to entry under the Homestead laws of the United States; *provided*, that said homestead settler shall be allowed six months, after locating his homestead, within which to commence his settlement and improvements; and, *provided*, also, that the time which the homestead settler shall have served in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps, aforesaid, shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect title; or, if discharged on account of wounds received, or disability incurred in the line of duty, then the term of enlistment shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect title, without reference to the length of time he may have served; *provided*, however, that no patent shall issue to any homestead settler who has not resided upon, improved, and cultivated his said homestead for a period of at least one year after he shall commence his improvements as aforesaid.

SEC. 2. That any person entitled under the provisions of the foregoing section to enter a homestead, who may have heretofore entered under the Homestead laws a quantity of land less than 160 acres, shall be permitted to enter under the provisions of this act so much land as when added to his quantity previously entered, shall not exceed 160 acres.

SEC. 3. That in the case of the death of any person who would be entitled to a homestead under the provisions of the first section of this act, his widow, if unmarried, or in case of her death or marriage, then his minor orphan children, by a guardian duly appointed and officially accredited at the Department of the Interior, shall be entitled to all the benefits enumerated in this act, subject to all the provisions as to the improvements thereby contained; *provided*, that if such person died during his term of enlistment, the whole term of his enlistment shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect the title.

SEC. 4. That where a person at the date of his entry of a tract of land under the Homestead laws, or subsequently thereto, was actually enlisted and employed in the army or navy of the United States, his service therein shall, in the administration of said Homestead laws, be construed to be equivalent, to all intents and purposes, to a residence for the same length of time upon the tract so entered; *provided*, that if his entry has been cancelled by reason of his absence from said tract, while in the military or naval service of the United States, and such tract has not been disposed of, his entry shall be restored and confirmed; and, *provided* further, That if such tract has been disposed of, said person may enter another tract subject to entry under said laws, and his right to a patent therefor shall be determined by the proofs touching his residence and cultivation of the first tract, and his absence therefrom in such service.

SEC. 5. That any soldier, sailor, marine, officer, or other person, coming within the provisions of this act, may, as well by an agent as in person, enter upon said homestead; *provided*, that the said claimant in person shall, within the time prescribed, commence settlement and improvements on the same, and thereafter fulfill all the requirements of this act.

SEC. 6, That the Commissioner of the General Land Office shall have authority to make all needful rules and regulations to carry into effect the provisions of this act.

THE NATIONAL PARK. Congress having passed an act providing for a national park, the following description of the proposed locality may interest our readers:

"The location is on the head waters of the Yellowstone River, between the 44th and 45th parallels of north latitude, and 110 and 111 degrees 10 minutes longitude west from Greenwich. The area of the proposed park is 40 by 33½ miles, embracing 1,333 square miles and a fraction or about 85,525 acres. In the southeast corner of this parallelogram comes in (running almost due north) the Yellowstone River. After a flow of ten miles the river enters Yellowstone Lake, of an irregular shape, ten to fifteen miles in extreme length and width. Near the centre of the park the river debouches from the lake, and after traversing for a few miles the hot springs region, tumbles over the Upper Falls and enters the Great Canon, six miles long. Coming out of this canon it receives a number of small tributary streams, from the east and west, and passes through another region of hot springs. The southern part of the park is partly watered by the head of Snake River, flowing southwest, and with Clark's Fork forming the Columbia River. About ten miles from the southwest corner of the park is Madison Lake, a small body of water two miles long by one wide. This Lake, gives rise to Madison's Fork of the Missouri, which flows northward and westward, watering, with many tributaries, a large part of the west centre of the park. The level lands along Madison's Fork, and are in the centre of the park, spreading around the great plateau of Yellowstone Lake and the hot springs. It is a most picturesque region, embracing some of the grandest and some of the most beautiful scenery on the continent, with lakes, rivers, mountains and valleys, all in charming proportion and most pleasing contrast.

FRIDAY, April 19.

QUIXOTIC. There was a shooting affair in Portland the other day, which forcibly reminds us of the good old days of knight errantry. The principal actor was a Mr. Sanborn, of Standish, a well-to-do farmer, aged thirty-four. It seems that a Miss Amanda Foss who resides with Sanborn, a few days since, informed him that some three years ago, when she was living with one McIntire in Kennebunkport, she was grossly insulted by him. Thereupon Sanborn, taking upon himself the character of the avenger of injured innocence, started in pursuit of McIntire for the purpose of bringing him to justice. Whether he mounted "rosinante" or not, we have not been advised, but after reaching Portland he provided himself with a pistol, a more modern weapon than the lance, and went in search of McIntire. Having found him, it is said, he shook hands with him, and proceeded to tell him his business. He demanded that McIntire should go to Standish and see Amanda, to which he at first consented. He soon changed his mind, and concluded he would see her when she came to Saco, where he resided. Here Sanborn lost his patience, and drawing his pistol, fired its contents at McIntire, who quickly but safely fled. For this piece of gallantry he was brought before Judge Chase who inhumanly ordered him to recognise in the sum of $5000 to the Supreme Court.

BLOODY RIOT IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY. A shocking affair occurred in a court room in Muskagee, Indian Territory, last week. A man was on trial for the murder of a woman, and was acquitted, when the husband of the murdered woman shot the prisoner dead and fired upon and wounded the Judge. An indiscriminate riot then commenced, in which eleven were killed and several wounded. Among the killed were three U. S. Marshals named Owens, Hawkins and Wilson. The rioters were mostly Cherokee Indians and half breeds. A state of lawlessness has existed there for some time. Murders are of frequent occurrence, and United States officials are shot at sight. The man acquitted was thought to be guilty of eighteen murders; but the Court House was filled with armed desperadoes during the trial, which so overawed the court that the prisoner was acquitted.

FRAUDULENT PENSION CLAIMS. It has been estimated that of the vast number of claims for pensions growing out of the rebellion probably over one quarter are fraudulent. D. D. Addison, an attorney of Washington, has proposed to the Congressional Committee on Pensions, a plan by which that system of fraud could be avoided, and which would lead to the detection of the fraudulent claims heretofore granted. The proposition is to publish in each county alphabetical lists of all persons to whom pensions have been or shall be granted, giving residences, &c., of each pensioner, and to furnish a copy thereof to each Federal and State officer of the county. This, it is believed, would result in saving millions of dollars annually to the government, and in bringing to punishment all concerned in frauds, and enable the Commissioner of Pensions to modify the requirements of his office so as to render it possible for all honest applicants to comply with them.

A GOOD SUGGESTION. We heartily endorse the following which we copy from the *Journal* with the simple remark, that we believe if this idea were carried into effect in all our cities and large towns, it would accomplish a great work in behalf of temperance. Give the young man a chance to quench his thirst, without forcing him to drink the various slops sold under the name of beer, which, though not intoxicating, are poor substitutes for water:

"Now that so many of our ale and beer saloons are closed, it is the imperative duty of somebody to see that suitable and convenient water stands for drinking purposes are established on the principal streets, especially *Water* street. It is with difficulty that a drink of good Water can be had on this street. The laborers, sweaty and thirsty, unless good cool water can be at hand, are strongly tempted to stepinto some cider or beer shop and quench their immediate wants with something which will induce an appetite for stronger liquids. Is it not the duty of temperance men to anticipate these wants, or of the city to provide, as they do in Bath, cold water stands for the necessities of men who are trying to reform?"

A COOL MURDER. On Thursday evening a man named William Maynes, residing at No. 559 Harrison avenue, left his wife in company with his brother James, who has recently come to Boston from New York. On his return shortly after his brother told him he was a "happy man," asserting his wife was dead. William alarmed the household and in company with his landlady entered the room and found his wife dead with her head resting in a pan of water on the floor.

☞The President has issued a proclamation adopting the new Civil Service rules. This marks a new era in the history of the American government, and can but work out an immense amount of good. The old rule which has been observed since Jackson's days, of "to the victors belong the spoils," has been practically abolished, and hereafter politics are not to determine the tenure of office, but honesty and efficiency are to be the only tests.

Special Notices.

The True Grounds of Confidence.

Whence comes that firm reliance, that absolute, undoubting faith in the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a remedy for indigestion, billious disorders, intermittent and remittent fevers, which notoriously prevail in all parts of the United States? This confidence has been growing for twenty years, and it is still extending. It is not the result of credulity; it has not been engendered by any human device, out is the spontaneous and natural consequence of experience. What people see daily going on under their own eyes they cannot question. When families in unhealthy districts that resort to this wholesome vegetable tonic, as a preventive, escape periodical fevers, and their immediate neighbors, who neglected this precaution, are prostrated by the disease, how is it possible that the phenomenon should be without its lesson? In like manner when it is seen that obstinate cases of dyspepsia, of liver complaint, of constipation, of nervous weakness, and of general debility, yield to the operation of the famous remedy, how can even incredulity resist the conclusion, experiment? Eye-witnesses of the salutary effects of the bitters are to be found in every civilized settlement in this continent. The thousands upon thousands who owe their restoration to health and strength, or their preservation from sickness, to its extraordinary medicinal properties, are enthusiastic in its praise. The multitudes who recommend it in a neighborly way to their friends and acquaintances, as well as those who make public their estimate of its virtues, are always ready to state their reasons for the faith that is in them. They have all either felt or witnessed its beneficent operations.

Castoria—a substitute for Castor Oil—a vegetable preparation containing neither Minerals, Morphine nor Alcohol. It is pleasant to take, does not nauseate, and operates when all other remedies failed. Dr. Fitch's experience of twenty years in producing a preparation more efficient than Castor Oil, without its horrid taste. And Castoria regulates the system, cures constipation, stomach ache, croup and flatulency, and kills worms. It does not distress or gripe. By its quieting, soothing effect it produces natural sleep, and is particularly adapted to crying and teething children.

We desire Physicians to test this article, and will forward three sample bottles on receipt of address of any one so authenticated. Insist that your druggist order it for you. It costs but 50 cents, and one bottle will save many doctor's bills. J. B. Rose & Co., 53 Broadway, N. Y. 4w18

The Horse and His Rider.—It was a happy day for Horse and his rider when the MUSTANG LINIMENT was discovered as a cure for the external diseases and injuries of both. In the stable, the barn and the household this wonderful emollient is equally useful. If a horse is sprained, or foundered, or baly-necs-galled, or afflicted with any other of the many superficial ills that equine flesh is heir to, the Liniment effects a speedy cure, and it is equally efficacious when applied to draught cattle or cows suffering from outward swellings, strains, or hurts of any description. As an application for bruises, cuts, burns, rheumatism, stiff joints, sprains, neuralgia, earache and toothache, it takes precedence for all other topical remedies, and is therefore an article of prime necessity in families.

SKIN DISEASES.

PERRY'S IMPROVED COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.—The Skin Beautifier of the Age: Is warranted to cure FLESH WORMS, PIMPLES, eruptions and BLOTCHED disfigurations of the face. Sold by *Druggists*. Depot 49 Bond St., New York.

For Moth Patches, Freckles,

AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. The only known remedy for these most troublesome and dangerous of all worms in children or adults is **Dr. Gould's Pin-Worm Syrup.** Pure vegetable; sure death to all worms; a valuable cathartic, and beneficial to health. Warranted. Price reduced to 50 cents per bottle.
4m9 GEO. C. GOODWIN & Co., Boston.

In This Changeable Climate

Nothing is more important than dry feet; health and life depend on it, therefore buy CABLE SCREW WIRE Boots and shoes—never leak or rip.
All bear the Patent Stamp. 3m6

It has been proved beyond a doubt that there is no remedy equal to SMOLANDER'S BUCHU for toning and stimulating the nervous system, and by which means alone kidney, bladder and glandular diseases, mental and physical debility, diabetes, gravel, loss of vigor in either sex, and female complaints succumb and health is restored.

A REFRESHING and valuable Spring Medicine will be discovered in AYWOOD'S QUININE TONIC BITTERS. In cases of weak stomach, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, nervous debility, fever and ague, jaun lice and restlessness, they have proved of signal benefit.

☞Few implements that farmers use have been tested and improved for so many years, that they are as near perfect as any thing can be made of wood and iron. The Blanchard Churn is one of this kind.

Native Pearl Versus Porcelain.

Dentist's ware is a poor substitute for Nature's. Let those who so believe, use the SOZODONT, which, if daily applied, will prevent all necessity for false teeth by keeping the real ones sound and healthy.

If you desire rosy cheeks and a complexion fair and free from Pimples, Blotches and Eruptions, purify your blood by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has no equal for this purpose. 58s.

LADIES who consult their welfare will investigate the merits of Duponco's Golden Pills.

Married.

In this city, 17th inst., L. A. Shattuck, M. D., of Biddeford, and Ella F. Rossiter, of Augusta; 16th inst., William Larrabee and Mary E. Mariner.

In Wilton, 15th inst., by R. B. Fuller, Esq., Frank Holt, of Carthage, to Betty Bartlett, of Jay.

In Benton, 1st inst., by N. W. Randall, Esq., Frederick R. Clark to Mrs. Jane Marshall, both of Vassalboro'.

In Waldoboro', 20th inst., by Reuben Orff, Esq., Gardner F. Winslow to Amanda M. Meyer, both of Waldoboro'.

In Standish, 21st inst., by Rev. H. F. A. Patterson, Peter Paine, of Standish, to Mrs. Sarah Rowe, of Gorham.

In West Waterville, 11th inst., Stephen M. Pullen to Mrs. Jane S. Davis.

In Paris, 16th inst., George L. Vose, of Brunswick, to Charlotte B., daughter of the late Hon. Charles B. Andrews, of P.

Died.

At the National Military Asylum, 22 inst., Charles McCarmen, late of Co. C, 2d R. I., aged 43 years.

In Freedom, 13th inst., Christopher C. Fuller, aged about 42 years.

In Unity, 17th inst., Mary, wife of Charles Taylor, and daughter of Hale P. Perkurst, Esq., of Unity.

In Belgrade, 13th inst., Joseph Chandler, a highly respected citizen, aged 66 years.

In Levant, 8th inst., Mrs. Jane Jerrard, wife of Col. J. Jerrard, formerly of Plymouth, aged 72 years.—[Cape Cod papers please copy.

In New York, 21st inst., George Sampson of Hallowell, in the 53d year of his age.

In Bath, 15th inst., Frank C., son of Andrew and Harriet E. Jackson, aged 17 years and 8 months.

Lancaster.

This THOROUGHBRED HORSE will be at the stable on the subscriber's farm, the present season for the use of mares.
ALSO,
Sandford Knox.
(three years old) one of the best colts of old "GEN. KNOX." Terms for either horse, $25 for the season.
ALLEN LAMBARD.
Augusta, April 17, 1872. 2tf

Jersey Cow for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale a NEW MILCH Jersey Cow, a very valuable animal, three years old this spring. Will be sold at a satisfactory price,
GEO. HUNT, 128 Water St.
Augusta, April 18, 1872. 2tf

Wanted!

25 SMART, Energetic men, to sell nursery stock, for the firm of S. Boardman & Co., Rochester, N. Y. For terms, address
S. J. ATWOOD,
11*21 Gen'l Agent, Augusta, Me.

Rooms to Let,

With or without board. Apply at No 43 Gage St., Augusta. 3w21 MRS. H. A. COX.

30 NEW SONGS, Arts, and 20 new RECEIPTS mailed free. THEO. F. WOOD, VERNON, N. Y.
9w

"Truth is Mighty, and will Prevail."

VEGETINE

PURIFIES THE BLOOD AND RESTORES THE HEALTH.

General Debility.

Debility is a term used to denote deficiency of blood. The nutritive constituents of the blood are in less than their regular proportion, while the watery part is in excess. Debility is of frequent occurence. It is incident to a variety of diseases. The lower limbs are apt to be swollen. The patient is feeble, and cannot bear much exertion. The circulation is irregular, but almost always weak. Palpitation of the heart is a very common symptom. Violent emotion often throws the heart into the most tumultuous action.—The vital functions are languidly performed. The muscular strength is diminished; fatigue follows moderate or slight exercise. The breathing, though quiet when at rest, becomes hurried and even painfully agitated under exertion, as in running, ascending heights, &c. The nervous system is often greatly disordered. Vertigo, dizziness and a feeling of faintness are very common. Violent and obstinate neuralgic pains in the head, side, breast, or other parts of the body, are also frequent attendants upon the disease. The secretions are sometimes disordered. In females the menaces are almost always either suspended or very partially performed. The bile is scanty, and costiveness, with unhealthy evacuations from the bowels and dyspeptic state of the stomach, are extremely common symptoms.

Found at Last!

GLOBE VILLAGE, SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS., February, 23d, 1871.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq., Boston:

For the past five years I have been afflicted with dyspepsia, caused from a morbid state of the liver, loss of appetite, raising of food and wind from the stomach, a sense of distension in the stomach, costiveness, palpitation of the heart, general debility and languor. For a year past I have taken your VEGETINE, or Blood Purifier. I am now well and able to attend to my business. It is one of the best remedies, and I can heartily recommend it to all afflicted with similar diseases. I have tried other remedies, but found none that afforded me any relief, until I found it in your VEGETINE.

GEO. HANSON.

Any person desiring further information can call on his son, Wilbur F. Hanson, apothecary, store No. 408 Broadway, South Boston.

What is Needed.

BOSTON, Feb. 13, 1871.

HENRY R. STEVENS, Esq.:

Dear Sir:—About one year since I found myself in a feeble condition from General Debility. VEGETINE was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefited by its use. I procured the article, and, after using several bottles, was restored to health, and discontinued its use. I feel quite confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially prepared, and would cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need something to restore them to perfect health.

Respectfully yours,
U. L. PETTINGILL,
Firm of S. M. Pettingill & Co.,
No. 10 State Street, Boston.

Gives Health, Strength and Appetite.

My daughter has received great benefit from the use of the VEGETINE. Her declining health was a source of great anxiety to all of her friends. A few bottles of the VEGETINE restored her health, strength and appetite.

N. H. TILDEN,
Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
No. 49 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

Marvellous Effect.

H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir:—I have used VEGETINE, and feel it a duty to acknowledge the great benefit it has done me.—In the spring of the year 1867, I was sick from general debility caused by over-work, want of sleep, and proper rest. I was very weak, and much emaciated. I tried many remedies without receiving any benefit from any of them, until I was persuaded to try VEGETINE. Before I had taken this one week, my improved condition gave me renewed hope and courage. I continued to take it, every day gaining more strength, until I was completely restored to health. The effect of this REMEDY, in case of general debility, is indeed marvellous.

ELIZABETH A. FOLEY,
21 Webster St., Charlestown, Mass.

Swollen Limbs

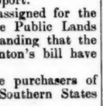
LEBANON, N. H., Jan. 29, 1870.

MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir:—I write this note to inform you of the effect of your "Blood Purifier" upon my system—When I commenced taking it, a year ago, I was very much debilitated. My limbs were swollen so that it was impossible for me to get into or out from a carriage, and very painful to go up or down stairs. Indeed, I could scarcely stand on my feet. My appetite was gone, my strength failing rapidly. After using your medicine for a few weeks, I began to improve. My appetite improved and my strength returned. I can now perform my duties as a nurse with my wonted ease; and I feel I owe it to VEGETINE.

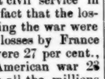
Yours gratefully,
MRS. C. A. H. TILDEN.

One of the Best Farms in the County of Kennebec for Sale.



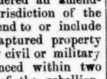
Is situated one mile west of Augusta, (better known as the Chisam farm) on the old Winthrop road. The farm consists of one hundred acres, and is divided into separate fields with stone walls; cuts from seventy-five to ninety tons of hay, has sufficient pasturage for ten head of stock; also has a very thrifty growth of wood that will supply the farm; has an orchard of about 150 apple trees, very choice fruit. Has two never-failing wells of water, one at house and one at barn-yard; also two good cisterns, one in barn yard, capacity of 110 hogsheads, one in cellar in basement, capacity of 30 hogsheads. The buildings consist of a two-story House with piazza running on South and East sides—tin roof, and L, containing 13 rooms. In the L there are five sleeping rooms, dining room, two kitchens, wood-shed and granary. The house is warmed by a furnace; the cellar is ten feet deep, very dry and airy, and wood under the whole house. Two barns, one 80x40, twenty feet post, double boarded and cellar under about one-third of it; the other barn 40x40. The farm is under a very high state of cultivation, and one of the most convenient and easily managed farms in the County. A complete set of farming tools will be sold with the farm if desirable. There is about thirty cords of manure on the farm, for Spring use. Immediate possession given. For particulars apply (on the premises,) to FRANK DAILY,
21tf Augusta, Maine.

House and Lot for Sale.



The house and lot formerly known as the Hartwell Stand, situated in MOUNT VERNON VILLAGE. The lot contains one-half acre of land, on which are a number of fruit and plum trees. The house is very nicely finished, contains ten rooms with ample closet-room above and below, and warmed throughout by furnaces. Connected with the house is a woodshed, which connects with a large stable—the whole in excellent repair. The house is nicely carpeted and furnished throughout, all of which will be sold with the house if desired. For further information address
MISS H. M. TOZER,
Mount Vernon, Me.

Fine Residence and Farm for Sale.



This property is situated in the town of FARMINGDALE, on the road from Gardiner to Kennebec Arsenal, commanding a fine view of the Kennebec river, and about three-fourths of a mile from Gardiner Post Office, Depot, School and Churches. The residence is a fine, finished two-story house, with L, finished throughout and in perfect order, with hard and soft water, cemented cellar, fine furnace, cistern, &c. Connected is a large stable, carriage and wood house, and other outbuildings, in perfect order; and in connection with this residence, is a fine farm of about 35 acres, in a high state of cultivation; it has cut about 30 tons of hay, and has a new barn on it. The residence will be sold with the whole or about five acres adjoining the house, on terms liberal. For particulars, inquire of GEORGE WAITE, on the premises, or of O. S. LAMBARD, No. 50 Water St., Gardiner. 3w21*

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AGENTS!

Poetry.

REGRET.

BY MAUD MANNING.

I had a bird,—a bird of golden plumage,
Melodiously he sang to me each day;
But carelessly one morn I left the cage unfastened,—
And ere the noon my bird had flown away.

I had a flower,—a flower of wondrous beauty,
It blossomed in mid-winter by my side;
It needed tender care,—and I forgot it;—
And so my peerless flower drooped and died.

I had a hope,—a hope of mighty compass,
It circled all the sad, sweet world about,
But lesser hopes stole in with their mock-brilliance,
Putting the light of that great first hope out.

I had a friend,—a friend so loyal-hearted
Each passionate outburst met only kind return;
But when neglect said, "Go, thou art not needed,"
She left me in my pride to walk alone.

And now I'd give whole years of life as gladly,
To see my flower in its olden place,
Whole years of life for one brief breath of fragrance,
For one sweet glimpse of that rare flower's grace.

In low, soft tones I call my distant warbler,
He answers not;—believe me, any pain
I'd bear if I could woo the little singer,
My own pet-birdie, back to me again.

And oh!—that hope!—language can never measure
The deeps of darkness since its light withdrew,—
The agonies of mad, repentant longing
My bleeding soul hath blindly struggled through.

And that lost friendship!—Oft my heart hath uttered
In passionful appeal its lonely cry:
"Sweet friend, return." *She* needs *my* love no longer;
And so unheeded my wild pleadings die.

Stay, rave no longer thus, dear self-tormentor,
Let past mistakes and failures make thee wise;
Be not o'er selfish,—grieve thy flower hath perished,
But flowers just like it bloom for other eyes.

That precious hope thy fingers held so loosely
In other's life may work its gracious will;
The thought was God's, and others held it with thee,
And where thou failest they may yet fulfil.

Thy bird lost to thee, is found of others,—
He singeth in the wild woods, happy, free;
Thy friend hath found a *surer* heart to rest in,
And so regret avaunt! we'll none of thee.

Our Story Teller.

IN SIR RUPERT'S ROOM.

I.

I felt so young and inexperienced to enter on an engagement of trust and responsibility, such as I knew that of a governess to be, that when I drove to my first situation I saw nothing of the beauty which surrounded me. went through the wide-spreading park, and saw nothing of the rich vast extent of green, of its silvery gleaming waters, of its giant spring-clad trees. I could only sit quite still in the corner of the long luxurious carriage, and clasp my hands and cry in my heart that I would try with all my might to make my pupil love me, and to do well whatever I should have to do. And when Crayden Abbey came in sight at last, I looked upon its thick red walls and heavy stacks of chimneys, thinking, in a vague and dreamy way, that it was a very grand old place, but still wondering above all, would my pupil love me? Could I do all that I ought to do?

In a long oak-wainscoted room with four narrow stone-mullioned windows down one side, I sat, after my solitary tea, waiting for the promised visit from my pupil. I had waited for a considerable time, when Lady Hurst brought her in to me.

And such a winsome child she was! Ah, little Dolly, 'tis twenty long, long years since you came in to me that night, and leaving your mother's side, threw two little arms around my neck and pressed two warm red lips upon my own; but from that moment, I, who had been feeling so inexpressibly lonely in the big strange house until you came, took your image into the utmost depths of my heart, and through those twenty years it has lain there undisturbed, loved and cherished always, with a more sacred if a sadder love, dear than could have been if you were now happy and a beautiful young mother in your turn.

"This is Dolly, Miss May," said Lady Hurst laying her white ringed hand with ineffable tenderness on the child's bright hair which fell to her waist in rich, wide, natural waves—"this is Dolly; and I would not let her come before, because I knew you would have no rest after her coming, and therefore your only chance was to take it before."

She left Dolly with me then, and went to dinner, but later, when the child was gone to bed, she came in again and sat down before the fire, telling me all I should be expected to do in my new position, and speaking kind and encouraging words to me. We talked a long time of my little pupil; and the mother's voice, naturally rather chill and haughty, thrilled with unutterable pride and tenderness. And while I watched the firelight play upon her rich dress and gleaming jewels, I wondered many things about this mother's life, so wrapt and folded was it round her youngest child.

"Perhaps Dolly may be a little too much indulged among us all," she ended, smiling a contradiction of her words; "but I hope not; though being our only little girl, and several years younger than her brothers, and the only one always at home with us, she is perhaps more thought of. Besides which, she is such a little winning thing, and such a pet with us all. I fear that her father is really inclined to spoil her. His loving indulgence would be dangerous for another child; but I hope it will do Dolly no harm." The voice was so very confident that I could not help smiling too.

"My reason for wishing for so young a governess," resumed Lady Hurst, "was this: I want you sometimes kindly to join in the child's play, as there are few children near us of her age and position. I am sure that you will sometimes amuse as well as instruct your little pupil, and I hope we shall be able to make you happy in your new home."

Need I tell how gladly I promised to do so, or how grateful I felt that night as I stood at one of my narrow deep-set windows, looking over the wide fair moonlit park, and thinking how kind had been my reception and how truly and dearly I could love my little pupil?

"I will take you over the whole house, Miss May, if you would like," said Dolly, after breakfast next morning, in her quaint little half-shy, half-patronising way. "Would you?"

I told her I should like it very much, and we went together, sometimes walking, sometimes running along the intricate, endless-seeming passages, and in and out of the high, richly-furnished rooms, and Dolly told me what they were called, and who occupied them, and the history of many a rare and valuable curiosity. What a grand old house it was! I felt as if I never should be able to venture alone about it. I knew that if Dolly had not been with me then, I should have lost myself irrecoverably. Even when she only darted on before me into one of the rooms, or up one of the staircases, I felt so bewildered that I hastened after her lest I should lose sight of my little guide.

"Shall we go on the unused part, Miss May?" she asked, her light feet dancing at my side; "or shall you be frightened?"

"I don't think I shall be frightened in this very clear daylight, Dolly," I said with great apparent deliberation. "Are there ghosts about then?"

"O, plenty of ghosts," she laughed softly, "plenty. But we'll go on, as you say so. We'll go into Sir Rupert's room, Miss May—shall we?"

"O yes," I said readily, "which is Sir Rupert's room?"

"I'll show you," rejoined Dolly, a little gravely; "we shall come to it presently."

We turned into a long arched corridor lighted by small high windows, round which the ivy grew so thick that, though it was carefully cut, its depth shadowing the narrow windows, made the noonday light in there a rather heavy and oppressive gloom.

"There are no inhabited rooms down here," Dolly said, "and no one comes here except Sir Rupert's ghost, as the boys say. But of course, we don't believe that sort of thing, do we?"

"Only as the boys' joke," I answered promptly, having a firm conviction that governesses ought not to allow their pupils to encourage a belief in ghosts.

"Oh! of course there are no ghosts really," said Dolly, with a little bit of awe in her lustrous eyes. "Yet, do you know that none of the servants will pass the end of this corridor after dark?"

"Very silly of them," I put in conclusively.

"Yes, it is silly," replied Dolly, thoughtfully, "and yet do you know, Miss May, I was frightened too, a good while ago?"

"Were you, really?" I inquired, gazing with feigned astonishment into the beautiful little upturned face.

"Yes, I was, indeed. I never liked to come anywhere near here except in broad daylight, and with somebody. But Hugh and Harry laughed at me, so I left it off. But I can never leave off believing one thing. Sometimes, Miss May, I have heard—noises in Sir Rupert's room; and though the boys laugh more than ever at that, and say it's my fancy, I know it isn't. I couldn't fancy odd noises such as I never heard before, could I, Miss May?"

"You might change natural and innocent sounds, by your fancy, into mysterious ones, dear," I said, dropping the subject. "Is this Sir Rupert's room, then?"

"Yes."

We were entering a large, very dimly-lighted chamber, with a high, dark wainscot, from the rich carving of which hung heavy cobwebs, stretching from group to group of leaves and flowers; while the delicate moulding between was lost and buried in the undisturbed dust of many years. A grand old oaken bed stood opposite us; but the hangings were moth-eaten and colorless, like the soft dust-laden carpet, over which the child stepped lightly and unwillingly, holding my hand all the time, and pulling me on when I wanted to stop and look at the curious and beautiful workmanship around me.

"Come," she whispered; "don't stand just here among the—stains."

"Let us sit down, then," I said, "in this deep window-seat, and you will tell me why this is called Sir Rupert's room."

"This is the worst place of all to sit in. But, never mind, if you like it," said Dolly, with an odd little attempt at fearlessness. "Are we to sit on this great cushion? The moths *are* eating it quickly, aren't they? O, I haven't been in here before in such a time; and—and I think we won't mind going into the inner room to-day, will we?"

"I think we have seen quite enough for one day," I answered, seeing she was anxious for that reply. "Which is the inner room? Is that great door the entrance to it?"

"Yes. In there is a kind of dark closet, and when you are inside you can pull a handle, and the wainscot on this side slides over the door and hides it entirely. But papa says the machinery is all rusty now, and will not move. That's the key of the door hanging up beside it; but papa goes inside there sometimes, so that isn't rusty. I don't think there's anything inside except all the big old pictures out of this room piled against the wall there.

"I see, dear; and who was Sir Rupert?"

"O, I'll tell you all that story if you like," said Dolly, in a low serious voice, as she nestled beside me on the deep window-seat in the gloomy room. "This house, you know, Miss May, was quite old in those times when King Charles was fighting against his people, and his people fighting against him; and my great-great-great-grandfather was one of those people who"—here the little little lips grew tight and stern—"went against his King. He ought not to have been living in this house really, because Sir Rupert was the oldest brother; but Sir Rupert hadn't any wife or children, and didn't care to live anywhere particularly, but liked to go about with the King and soldiers—of course he fought on the right side—so he sold this Abbey to his brother, who had it full of servants and people that were all Puritans. Then there was that terrible battle, you know, when King Charles was beaten, and all the cavaliers had to hide away wherever they could. And late that night my great-great-great-grandfather opened the window and let poor Sir Rupert creep into the house to find a shelter. They were on different sides, you see, about Oliver Cromwell and King Charles, but of course they loved each other because they were brothers—though papa says all brothers didn't love each other in those days—and Mr. Hurst brought Sir Rupert up here, and brought him nice things to eat and drink, and never told any one. He locked that outer door upon him, and felt he was quite safe here; but if he heard any alarm he was to keep in the little room, and slide back the panel. Of course poor Sir Rupert felt himself safe in his brother's house, and used to come out of his closet a good deal and walk about here. But one evening, just as he was coming out to breathe a little fresh air, he saw a man, a horrible Puritan servant with short hair, jump in softly from the window sill, and stand there, and tell him Cromwell's soldiers were behind. Sir Rupert knew that the man who had betrayed him was one of his brother's servants; he knew his brother couldn't fight against his own side, even for him; and he knew that he couldn't kill a whole troop. So—he just raised his pistol Miss May and shot the man dead on—on that very spot at our feet where the stain is; for he had never ventured to go further in after he had seen Sir Rupert's figure in the doorway. Do you know that these rooms are so far away from the cheerful part of the house, and the walls are so thick that nobody heard the shot, and Sir Rupert was standing quite still there, and the dead man was lying quite still here when Mr. Hurst came in on one of his visits. They had not said one word to each other, but one brother was holding out his hand sorrowfully, and the other was holding his forgivingly—and both were very sad—when a crowd of soldiers followed their guide through this window. O, Miss May, musn't it be a dreadful, dreadful sight, especially to Mr. Hurst, who knew that he couldn't prevent them taking his brother? But they did *not* take him, Miss May, after all. There was a terrible fight here—here on this very floor, and they left Sir Rupert dead in the doorway, just where he had been all the time. Certainly it was his own fault that he had been killed, as he wouldn't let them take him alive, and he had fired the first shot, too; but it was a shameful thing for so many to fight against one. Before he died he had killed two of them, Miss May—two more besides his brother's servant. Now you know why the carpet is so stained. Oh, isn't it a terrible story? And it is that very fight that I can sometimes hear—scuffling and struggling—and oh, all so distinct. Let us go now; shall we?"

I saw that the child had wrought herself into a painful state of excitement in telling the story; and so, while I soothed and quieted her, we left the room together.

M.

The months passed so smoothly, pleasantly and uneventfully in my new home, that Christmas seemed to come upon me almost unawares. I was very happy in spite of that lonely-heartedness, which is always, I think, inseparable from a governess' life; and I loved my little pupil so dearly that, even if I had had a happy home to go to for that happy time, I could hardly have borne to leave her. Hugh and Harry were at the Abbey now for their Christmas vacation, and they and Dolly and I had grown to be firm and merry friends together. They were bold, daring boys, pleasant and good-natured; but I never wondered that the gentle, brilliant, beautiful child, my little one, should be the idol of the house. Day by day she seemed to grow deeper and deeper into all our hearts—if she could possibly grow deeper into her mother's than she must have been from her birth. I used to notice, even with a trembling fear, how that mother's calm face would brighten with a wonderful warm light at only the distant sound of her light step or gleeful voice, and how Sir Hugh's rapid impetuous tones would soften tenderly, and his quick eyes fill with a deep and quiet love at the touch of the tiny caressing fingers.

Great days there were at Crayden Abbey through that Christmas time, and at all the other great houses within reach of us, where there were children to come home and to be entertained. And at all these parties I was glad and proud to see how my little one, in her radiant childish beauty, reigned a fairy queen among other children. What her mother felt, seeing this, I could often guess—guess sometimes with a pang of bitter pain.

Of course there were many nights that Winter time when Sir Hugh and Lady Hurst went out alone, and the boys and Dolly and I had the big old house to ourselves. A merry, noisy, echoing place we made of it then, you may be sure.

On this night that I am going to tell of, Sir Hugh and Lady Hurst were to dine at a distance—so far off that they started quite early in the afternoon. Dolly stood in the hall, talking to her father and me, while we waited for Lady Hurst to come down stairs.

"Take care of your little sister, my lads, said Sir Hugh, as the boys dashed in and pulled up suddenly, for they still stood in a little wholesome awe of their father; "and take care of Miss May, too; and enjoy yourselves as much as you can; and don't expect us until you see us, for our coming home appears to me extremely uncertain. Here's mamma; another kiss, my beauty."

This was to Dolly, who sprang into his arms, and laid her bright little head upon his shoulder.

"Good-bye, papa; I'll take good care of them all."

This was one of Dolly's favorite jokes, and we always laughed at it, just as if we had not heard it before.

"That's right, dear. Now I shall know they are safe," said Sir Hugh, his eyes full of a smile that was good to see, as he felt the warm little cheek against his own. "Good-bye, my treasure! Good-bye, my best little treasure!"

Lady Hurst sailed down the broad oak stairs, holding up her white velvet skirt in one hand, and a rare and brilliant bouquet in the other. Dolly had taken her fur cloak from the maid, and now came forward with it. But when she held it up, daintily and demurely, her mother dropped the frail flowers and the rich white dress, and kneeling down upon it on the marble pavement, to bring her face on a level with the child's clasped her closely to her.

"Dolly, darling, the little arms are too short yet; put them around mother's neck instead."

As she knelt so, the child, fast in her embrace, the flowers crushed and unheeded at her feet, the father looking down upon them both with a curious glad pride and tenderness, a strange, incomprehensible fear stole over me, a fear of leaving me alone with the care of their darling, and for a minute the responsibility seemed greater than I could bear. Only for that minute did I feel it, though. When we all stood together to watch the carriage out of sight, we were the gayest little party possible.

"Miss May, will you consent to hide and seek?" asked Hugh, beginning at once to follow his father's advice, and enjoy himself.

"Yes, willingly; if Dolly and Harry like it."

"Oh, yes, we like it!" they both cried at once; and I said we would begin at once, as it would not be light very long, and then we could play firelight games in the school room.

They answered delightedly, and we raced each other along the passages, while the echo of our rapid footsteps and our laughter went before.

It was a grand house for hide and seek; and I enjoyed the game as thoroughly as the children did.

"Just one more find—just one more, please Miss May," pleaded Dolly, when I, feeling the short winter afternoon was drawing in, proposed to change the game. "I have a plan, and I want just one more hide, please," she went on, her little feet dancing, as they always did, when she was earnest and excited: "I have a plan; just one more hide, please, Hugh, it's your turn to seek."

She watched Hugh out of sight with impatient eyes, then she whispered her plan:

"Miss May, you and I will hide in Sir Rupert's room. Hugh will never, never guess it; because—because he knows I'm a little bit frightened of being there—at least, that I used to be. So he will never look there, and will never find us—never, and our side will win. Would you mind, though?"

I mind, if she did not!

"Then come now, quick. Harry will lock us in, won't you Harry? and hang the key up again where it is now; then hide yourself somewhere, as far away as possible. O, what a good thought it is! Hugh *never* will guess."

The light feet ran down the gloomy darkening corridor, I followed closely, for Dolly had fast hold of my dress all the time. We went gaily together into the great high room, walking heedlessly together over those faded stains on the colorless carpet. When Harry took down the key, and I saw how large and massive it was, an odd little shudder stole over me; but before I could speak, he had opened the door, and Dolly, half curiously, half timidly, stepped in, still holding me so that I could not but follow immediately. Harry hung the key upon its hook again, and then ran away.

Dolly still held me in the darkness, and I was very glad. I felt almost afraid of her passing from my touch, as well as from my sight. Presently we grew accustomed to the blackness: and Dolly even whispered, laughing softly, that it would be greater fun still, if we could slide the panel back so that neither Hugh nor Harry could find us. For my own part, I felt relieved that we could not; and I said I fancied Hugh would hardly be able to find us as it was.

"I don't really think he will," cried Dolly in her gleeful voice. "I don't seem a bit afraid, now do you?"

"No; but I want to feel what the place is like. Let me go a moment, pet."

But when I moved my hand along the walls, I felt nothing but dust and cobwebs, until it came against the pile of old pictures propped there. Dolly's groping fingers had just seized mine again, when we could hear the noisy opening of the door at the other end of the long outer room, and we guessed rightly that Harry was found, and that Hugh had a good idea of our hiding place.

"Stop, stop a moment!" exclaimed Dolly in an excited whisper; "I'll go behind the big pictures. I won't mind the dirt."

Before I had time to stop her or help her, she was, I suppose, safely hidden under the boards and canvass, for her voice had a half muffled sound when she told me she was "all right now."

At that moment I heard the key put into the lock, and through the open doorway came a little light at last.

"Miss May, I declare!" shouted Hugh, pulling me triumphantly from the narrow room. "Now where is Dolly?" Not far off, I'll be bound."

He was just going back to seek Dolly, when Harry guessing at her stratagem, and pleased to delay his brother's triumph, pulled him back, turned the key upon his sister, and with it in his hand, ran off, shouting that our side was not beaten yet.

This, of course, assured Hugh that Dolly was hidden in the closet; and he turned and followed, crying that this was unfair, as it certainly was. But Harry had a good start, and was the best runner, too.

"Dolly, my darling," I cried, wishing with all my heart that I was locked in the darkness with her, "come close to the door and talk to me. You will not mind being by yourself a very little time. Hugh is gone for the key; he will be back in a few minutes."

I heard a movement of the boards, and I waited.

"Come close to me, with only the door between us, Dolly."

"I cannot," answered a distant, muffled voice; "the things have slipped, and I cannot get out now till you come and move them. I don't mind, Miss May, dear. I'm not afraid—don't you mind."

I ran to the other door, and called and listened, but I heard no sign of the boys' return.

"Do you hear them coming now?" questioned Dolly's distant voice, when I had regained my old position.

"Not yet, dear, but they must come in a few minutes.

And again I ran and shouted; but the dismal corridor only echoed my own frightened tones and gave me back no answer.

"Dolly dear," I cried again, through the key-hole, only wanting to hear her speak.

"Dolly, I am here."

Then the little weak voice answered me..

"Miss May dear, I feel so strange, just as if I couldn't breathe. And I hear odd sounds—do you?"

"No, darling, nothing. Perhaps you hear the boys."

"N—no. Will they come soon?"

"I think so, pet; I am going to hasten them now. I shall only be a minute or two away."

"Don't go yet," the child pleaded; wait a little minute. Hugh is sure to come. It is so dark."

Then I put my mouth to the key-hole, and spoke to my little one again.

"Do you hear me, darling?"

"Yes."

"Then, Dolly, dear, if I sing your favorite hymn, will you sing it with me? We should be more companions so; and it would do us good and cheer us."

She began the hymn at once, without waiting to answer me; and I joined her, singing as loudly as I could, glad that my plan had succeeded so well. But presently I missed the little smothered voice, and I stopped, calling out to ask why it was.

"I can't, Miss May"—the answer seemed more fain: and distant now, though my ear was at the key-hole; "I feel as if I could do nothing. Don't go."

"I must, my darling." I cried in untold fear; "I must go for Harry."

I fled along the passages, calling at every step, stopping at every door and window, with the same cry, "Hugh! Harry! boys!"

At last, through one of the staircase windows, I saw them, and I darted from the house and followed. I was just in sight of them, when I saw Hugh seize Harry, who laughingly held the key up at arm's length out of his brother's reach. As Hugh sprang to grasp it, Harry flung it from him heedlessly—flung it, in one moment, over the stone wall of the kitchen garden; but none but myself could see that it fell into the old unused well, I saw the key drop, though I did not hear it; and I looked for one hopeless moment down the shaft, while Harry's cry was half laughter, and Hugh's angry exclamation pierced me where I stood. Then I ran wildly back to the house, hearing nothing and seeing nothing by the way. I sped in through one of the servants' entrances, shouting as I ran, to tell them to send men to Sir Rupert's room with tools to break the door. I knew they heard and understood me, though I never stopped to say it; and I fled on breathlessly along the corridor, crying now, in my passionate eager fear, that I was coming to rescue my darling. But this I knew, I cried below my breath, in the death-like muffled fear which was clinging ronnd my heart.

"Here I am, my pet," I whispered, bending to the key-hole; "you shall be let out in a moment now."

But no answer came from my imprisoned child.

"Speak to me, Dolly dear," I cried, my voice shrill and tremulous; "just one word."

And I listened with beating heart for the distant voice. But no answer, not even a faint, faint word, came back to me.

"I am so lonely here without you, pet."

No answer still.

Then I beat at the door wildly, crying—literally shrieking—for help. I heard footsteps hurrying up the distant stairs, and I called to the servants to make haste, breaking off in that cry to plead again with my little one for just one word.

"Dolly! darling! Dolly! Dolly, answer me one word, dearest."

The steps came on through the passage and into the room, and a crowd of curious or troubled faces gathered round me. Some one took my hands from the door, and I started back, uttering brokenly my thanks and gratitude.

One heavy blow upon the door broke it a little, but did not open it. My glad exultant cry pierced the thick panels.

"*Now* we are coming, Dolly dear, now we are coming;" and while they tried a second time in vain, I wrung my hands, still crying with all my useless strength. "Now, darling! now you are to come to me."

The door burst open; then I felt suddenly blinded and bewildered by looking into the darkness beyond, and I crept back a little way. The men clustered into the narrow closet. Hugh and Harry, foremost of them all, were groping in the dark as they called their little sister's name.

With a new and sudden strength I pushed the crowding forms aside, took the heavy pictures easily in my shaking hands, and moved them away as if they had been of feather's weight. Then, even in the deep gloom I could see her—I often see her so, even now, in my troubled dreams.

With the little white figure in my arms, the long bright hair hanging against me—one tangled, clotted mass touching my hand with a touch that wrung my heart with a sharp and shuddering agony—I came out from the darkness.

I think they all drew back from me as I bore her through them, but the crowd of horror-stricken faces followed me afar off, as I tottered from the gloomy rooms with my darling.

My darling! Ah, it was too hard just yet to think that this little bleeding form, in its soiled and stained white dress, was not my little one, but that she lived already another life than ours, far, far away from us all, in a white robe that never should be stained nor spotted more.

I laid her on her own little bed in the softened lamplight; I washed the little white shoulder that had been so cruelly bitten; I washed and brushed the soft rippling hair and then I sat beside her, and my eyes were aching, aching as they were fixed upon the little white, still face.

I know not who came or went; I know not if any one stayed with me. I know not how many hours I sat so; but at last, late—very late—in the winter night, whose chill I could feel, I knew that the door had opened for the mother to come in. I heard each footstep as it fell upon my own heart, while she came up to the side of the little bed opposite me.

I slowly lifted my heavy eyes, in which all light and life seemed to have died forever, from my little one's face to the one that bent above it—a face I could hardly have recognized. My lips moved; I was trying to tell the mother how I killed her child; but no sound came. I fancied I was speaking fast and loud, but though the words were framed by my tight stiff lips, no sound followed. Looking across the bed, the mother strangely, coldly signed to some one to take me away. They raised me, and led toward the door, while the figures all melted slowly and mistily from around me, leaving nothing distinct but that wild, cold look with which I had been sent from my darling's side. My feet tottered, my head swam. I suppose I would not let them take me away. I know I fancied I was dying too, and wanted to die there beside the child whom I had killed; but at that instant Sir Hugh, his face fierce and cruel in its anguish, shut the door with his own hand against me. Then, through the closed door, there followed me one thrilling agonized cry—a cry like which I never have heard cry since, like which I hope that I may die before I hear a cry again; and then all the dreary world was blotted from me to a sudden, heavy, lasting darkness.

Many and many a winter day I spent in my own room, apart from all sound in the great silent Abbey, too ill and weak to move, after the terrible blindness had left me. Sometimes a pitying face would look in upon me, sometimes a pitying word be said, but never a loving one, never a tender one. I did not wonder that only the servants came to see me. I knew how hard it would be for any one who had loved Dolly to bear to look upon my face. So, one early, early morning, as soon as I was able to walk, I crept away to my darling's grave, and from there, when the sun had risen, I crept further out into the wide cold world, which seemed to me, just then, only a vaster lonelier grave than the one on which my feverfed cheek had rested.

I did not know until long afterward that I had been alone at Crayden Abbey with the servants through all those weeks; that Lady Hurst and Sir Hugh had left it after the funeral, for the mother's heart was broken, and they feared her life or reason going, if she stayed in the memory haunted place. That is twenty years ago, as I said; and Sir Hugh and Lady Hurst have never returned to England. Mr. Hugh and his wife and children live at the old place now; but the long gloomy passage has been built up, and there is no entrance now to Sir Rupert's room. Sir Hugh's grandchildren have not even heard of his existence, nor do they ever hear the "scuffling struggling sounds," which must have frightened my darling to death in that rat-haunted darkness, even before the savage bite was given—the sounds that she used to say she heard in that past time, when she fancied Sir Rupert's ghost fought still at times with his betrayer.

Twenty years! and I have never told this tale before. I do it simply now without preface or appendix. It matters not where I lived before those few months which I have told of, and which seem to hold my entire life; it matters not where I have lived since. The name I have given here is not my own; yet is my little story true—most sadly, pitifully true.—*The Belgravia Annual.*

The Philosophic Sparrow.

Sitting at my writing table and looking out over the harbor, and far away over upon the blue Orange mountains—do you ask for what? Why to collect my thoughts, to be sure! I have collected a good many things in my day, but nothing that was so hard to collect as my thoughts. To collect hens or turkeys, and drive them to the yard; to collect the cattle—cows, oxen, calves and all—out of a wide and long pasture full of tangled woods or ravines, is enough troublesome. But these are all easy, compared with collecting one's thoughts. Like wild birds, when they've flown away, one never knows where to look for them.

While I was thus gazing into the blue sky above, and upon the always new scene of harbor life, up came from the yard below, and perched upon the iron railing outside of my window, a plump little sparrow. Not one of our old fashioned, American sort, but one of our cheery, pugnacious, chirping, jolly little English sparrows, that have now filled our streets, and whom everybody seems intent upon feeding during the cold of winter. The little philosopher was out on a meditation. At any rate, he seemed in a quiet mood, and looked in on me with an observing air. He changed his place, turned round two or three times, cocked his head, now this way, and now that, until he was satisfied that he had taken my full measure and understood all about me.

Having studied bird nature for many summers, and at last having attained ornithologic intuition, I am able to state just what our feathered philosopher was thinking of. His first impression was that I was far too large. What use was there in such a body? He was about the right size himself, and could not imagine why anything should wish to be bigger. He confirmed himself in these views by the reflection that I could not fly. And anything not able to fly was, in his opinion, of small account. He next looked pityingly on my clothes comparing them with his own feathers, and commiserated the life of one who buttoned on his apparel instead of having it grow upon him; And in this view I gave him my sympathy. No washing days for birds; no tailors to cut and fit; no needle women to mend; no holes or rips; but everything snug and tidy, with but a few minutes dressing each morning with his bill, which is far more agreeable than the clothier's bill. As I sat quite still, neither hopping nor flying, he concluded that I was stupid and heavy. He addressed a few chirps to me, but getting no reply, it was his impression that I was unsocial, as well as clumsy and stolid. A dim idea floated through his mind of the unhappiness of creatures that had no nests, that seemed never to care for a seed or a worm—delicacies that often tempted him into my yard, and he had seen me pass unheeded such exquisite viands. In short, every respect in which I differed from a bird he noted to my disadvantage. All things which are human and civilized were too high for his comprehension. The result was, therefore, that my sparrow philosopher flew off to inform his classes in philosophy that man is an unfortunate creature, having a hundred times the bulk of a sparrow, without one of those gifts which make bird life so charming. But being a bird of some sensibility, he cautioned his little flock not to let their opinion be know to men, as it might add some needless regrets to beings already so unfortunate by their organization.

Well, is not this about what men are doing? Is not the child looking up at manhood, comparing it with a little standard of his own, with just about a sparrow's wisdom? Are not the poor and ignorant looking up at the rich and educated through the lens of their own experience? Am I not contemplating the great Over Soul at a distance vastly greater than that between the sparrow and myself? And when at length I shall see Him, "as He is," will it not appear that my conception of infinite wisdom and infinite love were far less worthy of Him than a sparrow's notion of man?

Who Fired Chicago?

A Swedish paper publishes a story to the effect that a short time ago a man arrived in Kettilstad, a small village in Sweden, bringing with him a large amount of money and a big box filled with jewels and other valuables. He was soon after taken with the small-pox and died; but some days previous to his death confessed, in the presence of several persons, that he, with some accomplices, had started the fire which resulted in the destruction of Chicago. The story is not a very probable one, but still, as it has been fairly proved that Mrs. O'Leary's cow was innocent of having caused the great disaster, it is not impossible that it may be true.

☞The women of Damascus, Ill., take part in the discussions of the Farmer Club meeting. A recent conundrum was—"Shall we dress for comfort or for show?" It was, of course, decided to dress for comfort, and then they all went away, and at the next meeting each appeared with a "three-decker" head-dress and a "Dolly Varden" suit.

Our Young Folks' Column.

REMEMBER THY MOTHER.

Lead thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support,
Now she leans on thine.
See upon her loving face
Those deep lines of care;
Think—it was her toil for thee
Left that record there.

Ne'er forget her tireless watch
Kept by day and night,
Taking from her step the grace,
From her eye the light.
Cherish well her faithful heart
Which, through weary years,
Echoed with its sympathy
All thy smiles and tears.

Thank God for thy mother's love,
Guard the priceless loon:
For the bitter parting hour
Cometh all too soon.
When thy grateful tenderness
Loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot
Than my mother's grave!

Bob Ryan and Dandy.

"Never make an enemy, even of a dog," said I to Bobby Ryan, ai I caught as his raised hand, and tried to prevent him from throwing a stick at our neighbr Howard's great Newfoundland. But my words and effort came too late. Over the fence flew the stick, and whack! on Dandy's nose it fell. Now Dandy, a great, powerful fellow, was very good-natured, but this proved a little too much for him. He sprang up with an angry growl and bounded over the fence as if he had been light as a bird, caught Bobby Ryan by the arm, and held him tightly enough to let his teeth be felt.

"Dandy! Dandy!" I cried, in momentary alarm, "let go! Don't bite him!" The dog lifted his dark brown, angry eyes to mine with a look of intelligence, and I understood what they said; "I only wanted to frighten the young rascal."

And Bobby was frightened. Dandy held him for a little while, growling savagely, though there was a good deal of make believe in the growl, and then, tossing the arm away, leaped back over the fence, and laid himself down by his kennel.

"You're a very foolish boy, Bobby Ryan," said I, "to pick a quarrel with such a splendid old fellow as that. Suppose you were to fall into the lake some day, and Dandy should happen to be near, and suppose he should remember your bad treatment, and refuse to go in after you?"

"Wouldn't care," replied Bobby; "I can swim."

"Now it happened, only a week afterward, that Bobby was on the lake in company with an older boy, and that, in some way, their boat was upset in deep water, not far from the shore; and as it also happened that Mr. Howard and his dog Dandy, was near by, and saw the two boys struggling in the water.

Quick as thought Dandy sprang into the lake, and swam rapidly towards Bobby; but, strange to say, after getting close to the lad, he turned and went towards the larger boy, who was struggling in the water, and keeping his head above the surface with difficulty. Seizing him, Dandy brought him safely to shore. He then turned and looked towards Bobby, his young tormentor; he had a good many grudges against him, and for some moments seemed hesitating whether to save him or let him drown.

"Quick, Dandy!" cried his master, pointing to poor Bobby, who was trying his best to keep afloat. He was not the brave swimmer he had thought himself.

At this the noble dog bounded again into the water, and brought Bobby to land. He did not seem to have much heart in his work, however, for he dropped the boy as soon as he reached the shore, and walked away with a stately, indifferent air.

But Bobby, grateful for his rescue, and repenting his former unkindness, made up with Dandy on that very day, and they were ever afterwards fast friends. He came very near losing his life through unkindness to a dog, and the lesson it gave him will not soon be forgotten.

Chewing Gum.

A gentleman in the streets of C——, Iowa, lately counted, in fifteen minutes, seventy ladies chewing gum. This habit prevails extensively, especially in the West. Almost every schoolgirl you meet is chewing, chewing.

Of course it will not be pretended that this habit is either as injurious or as nasty as that of chewing tobacco, yet it is not altogether innocent. When food is taken, saliva is secreted to aid in masticating it.

When other substances are chewed, saliva is, at first, secreted as for food, but the vital instinct soon recognizing the nature of the substance, excrete a fluid similar to saliva for the defence of the tissues. This fluid (thrown out against tobacco, gum, etc.,) is really an excretion.

The bile occasioned by taking poisonous medicines has, by careful experiment and analysis, been found to be quite a different substance from that secreted by the liver in its healthy action. So the fluid which the salivary glands produce during protracted chewing of that which is not food, is quite different from healthful saliva. The waste, however, is probably just as great as if it were healthy saliva. Those who habitually chew gum unduly exercise the salivary glands, thus wasting vital force and injuring the glands, occasioning in them either ultimate debility, or undue development in size. There is also danger of permanent depreciation and poisoning of the salivary glands.

This constant chewing also, injures the teeth. The teeth are no small item in a lady's beauty, and as they go to such rapid decay in America, demanding so early the dentist's care, it is surprising that ambitious young ladies should so wantonly destroy them. Boys often ruin their teeth by cracking nuts: they do it to get at the kernel—they have a motive—but what possible motive can boys, girls, or women have for chewing, chewing, chewing, hour after hour, an insipid lump of gum?

The habit also diverts attention from duty or study, and is one of the many familiar modern modes of killing time. In short, it is a useless, indecent, unhealthful practice.

Stealing his Lesson.

Stanley James had a hard lesson in ciphering. It would require a good deal of trying to learn that lesson, and Stanley did not like to try. He asked a boy to lend him a "key;" a "key," you know, is a small book with the answers in it, and in some cases showing the way a sum is worked out. So Stanley borrowed a "key," and with its help went to his class the next morning, the only boy who had got the lesson perfect. The master, of course, praised Stanley. He was number one that day.

"This comes of trying," said the master to the class. "Perseverance and diligence conquer all things."

"I've tried, sir," said Tom Jones. "I studied all last night, and the first thing this morning."

"Yes sir; and I gave up bat and ball on purpose to give more time to this lesson," said Jem.

"Father helped me, and we both together could not do it," said William Battersby.

"You must not have help, you know very well, the master said. You must learn your lessons yourselves."

Yes, they had heard that a great many times before. But how do you think Stanley felt? Do you think he felt like a thief? He stole his master's praise. He stole his standing in the class. A scholar who would get above another in his class by using "keys," or translations or any other kind of help forbidden by the teacher, is guilty of stealing the place he gets. *Whatever* is gained in the shape of good marks, or praise, or holidays, or the good opinion of other people, by dishonest means, is *stolen*.

A Cup of Cold Water.

A young English woman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in a part of the town where there were sentinels placed—perhaps on the walls,—and you know that when a soldier is on guard, he must not leave his post until he is relieved—that is, till another soldier comes to take his place. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and it would be as much as his life was worth to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them—all but the young English woman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, which she did. When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her attention to a common soldier; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the grateful soldier contrived on the night of the massacre to save this young English woman, while all the other inhabitants of the house were killed.

At a recent Sunday-school concert, a speaker asked the little boys which they would prefer to do, "Steal a dollar, or have a dollar stolen from them? Immediately a hand was raised, and a little urchin candidly answered, "Please, sir, I'd rather steal a dollar."

☞"Name to me ever so clever an animal whom I could not imitate." Thus boasted the ape to the fox. The fox replied; "And name to me ever so insignificant an animal who would think of imitating you."

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